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A NOBLE ARMY

ETHEL DANIELS HUBBARD

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AFRICAN WARRIORS IN BATTLE ARRAY

A NOBLE ARMY

A SHORT STUDY BOOK FOR JUNIORS

BY

ETHEL DANIELS HUBBARD

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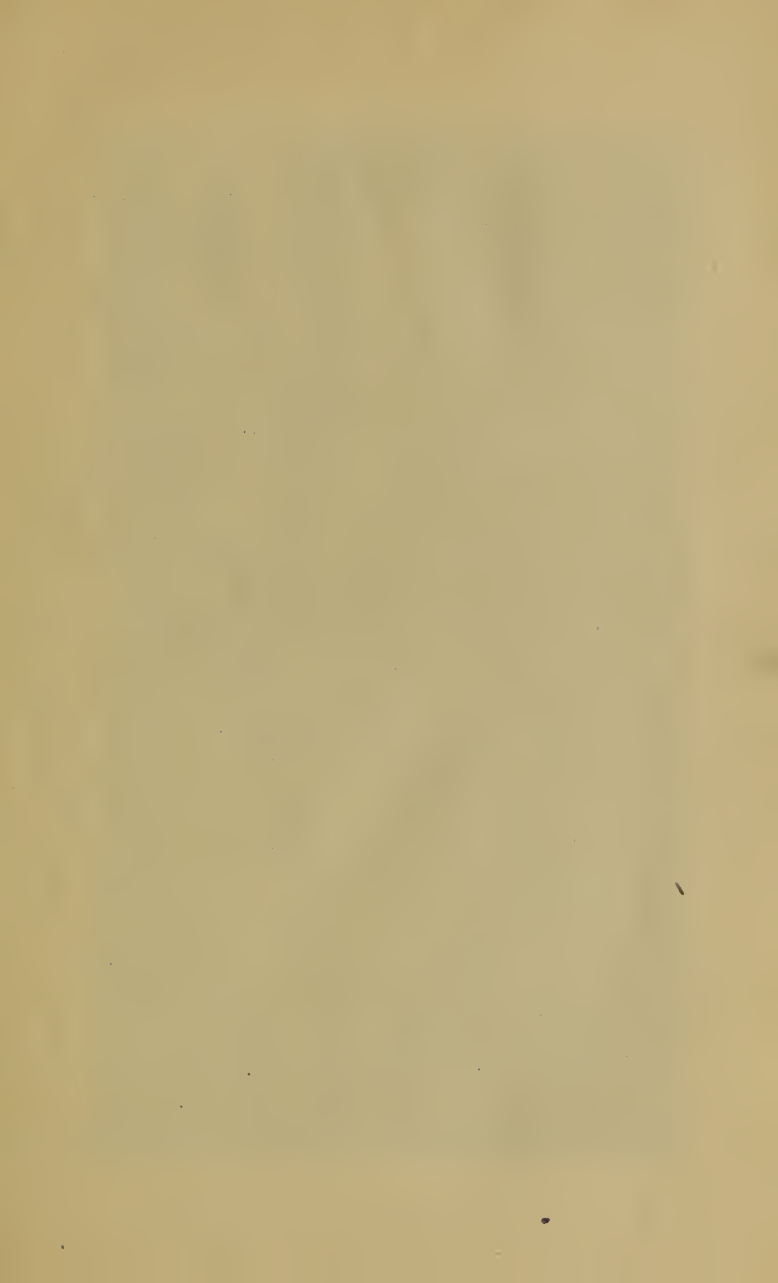
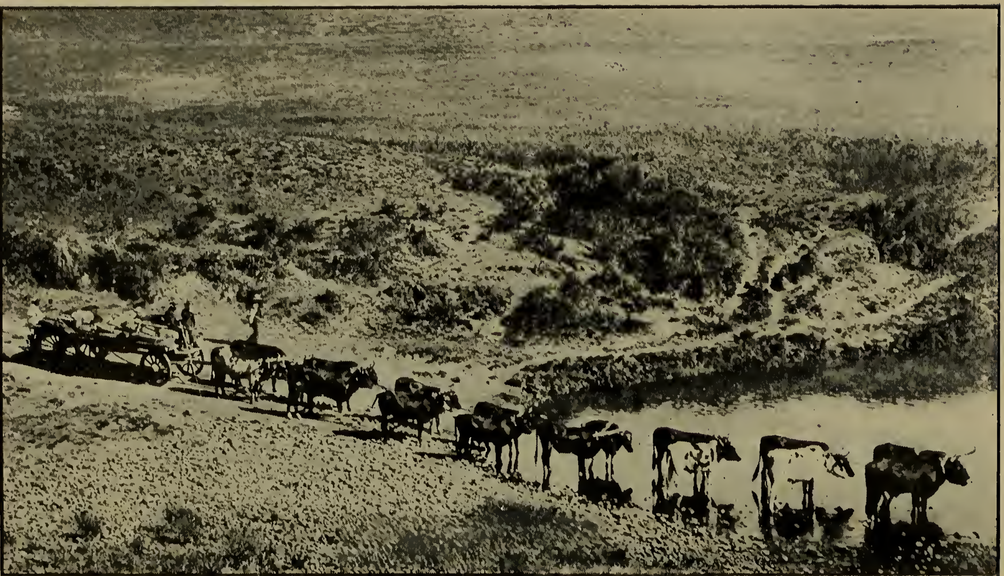
The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climb the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.





TREKKING IN SOUTH AFRICA
The Moffats' Mode of Travel

A NOBLE ARMY

Introduction

IN THIS BOOK for boys and girls we are to think especially of the courage and strength of our leader, Jesus Christ, and of those men and women who have followed Him in various forms of service.

We speak of Jesus as a tender shepherd, a teacher, a healer, a preacher, a friend of the weak and helpless and the sinful, a lover of children, a brother of the working man, working with his own hands as a carpenter, a beloved guest in the homes of men and women. As a boy he enjoyed the things that you enjoy. He loved to be out of doors, by the sea, in boats, or out on the mountains. He stood for fair play and honesty, kindness and neighborliness. He was obedient, faithful, brave. When He died and rose again and went back to His Father, He left those who had known Him and loved Him to "carry on" His work and sacrifice.

There have never been enough people to do this, but some have been brave and faithful and we find little groups of them all over the world today. Some are in our own country trying to make it a good and happy place for men and women and children to live in. They are doing these things that Jesus did because His spirit is in them.

Some of His soldiers have gone to the front and are working as Robert and Mary Moffat, Carey and Paton worked. Some have been in His Red Cross department, in the medical work, like Dr. Raynolds; some have taught the lepers, like Mary Reed; some have died for Him, like Mary

Morrill and some are fighting on like General Feng.

These men and women have won their stars on the service flag of the church which you will find on the cover of this book. Most of them are gold stars now and we need new recruits to fill the vacant places.

We hope there will not be another war, for war has meant much sorrow, loss and suffering, with crippled men, starving children, broken-hearted women. Yet there must always be war against sin to save not only our own country but all the world from evil. This war nust be won by Jesus and His volunteers. How many can He depend on for His army? Think how many men enlisted in the war from your church and town, and have their stars on the service flag. Then think of this other service flag and count those who have enlisted in missionary service from your church or town. You will not find so many stars, perhaps there are none at all, and that is the reason why, as you study this year the lives of these brave men and women who tried to do what Jesus did, you may like to decide what you are going to do with your life. Jesus settled that question when he was twelve years old. It was to be His "Father's business." Many boys think that they may go into business with their fathers. It may be a good thing to do if your father needs you, but suppose you think also of the great business of serving the world which your Heavenly Father has undertaken and remember that He needs you for "He has no hands, but your hands, to do His work today."

As you study this book remember Jesus who led these men and women into service in all the world

and gave them power to fight hard battles courageously, and as you realize the great need of such men and women in this world today, make a service flag in your society and give it to your church, praying that there may be some stars on it soon and a few years later when you have finished your training perhaps there will be more.

LUCY W. PEABODY,
Chairman Central Committee.

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CHAPTER I.

The Smoke of a Thousand Villages

"In the morning sun I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been."

Robert Moffat.

CHAPTER I.

The Smoke of a Thousand Villages

One summer evening a boy of nineteen went whistling along a country lane in England. Hedgerows bordered the way, and trees and shrubs grew in graceful profusion. Stirred by the beauty of the sunset hour the boy slackened his stride and fell to dreaming. The day's work was done; he was going into town to seek adventure; life loomed big and interesting as it always does at nineteen. Within his grasp was a piece of good fortune, for a new and more responsible position had just been offered him, gratifying to his pride. With a glow of satisfaction over his good luck and the zest of life in general, he crossed the bridge which led into town and came to a sudden standstill before a poster which hung by the roadside.

What was there about that poster to arrest a boy's gaze and hold him rooted to the spot? No baseball game, cricket match, or county fair! No war poster to allure men and boys to the battlefront! No, only the notice of a missionary meeting in the Guild Hall at Warrington, and the date already past. What curious spell did the bygone event exert? Forgotten was the boy's errand, forgotten his dreams, as he stood wondering why the words should stir him so strangely. What hidden memories would they evoke? Suddenly the scene changed and instead of the sunny English meadows he saw the bleak little Scotch village where he used to live, heard the north wind whistle around the cottage walls, felt the

knitting needles in his hands and the old sense of rebellion at the task he was set to perform, a task fit for girls only, and looked up into his mother's sternly beautiful face as she gathered her little brood about the fireside for the bedtime stories: stories about the missionaries, the Moravian missionaries in Greenland and Labrador and the valiant deeds they did. And here was this meeting with its stories of present-day missionaries! Could it be—was it possible that God meant to call him to become a missionary as he had called the young men of the Moravian church years before?

From that night, at his day's work or in the evening leisure over his books, the boy was haunted by the conviction that he *must* become a missionary: he was puzzled by the problem how *could* he become a missionary? By vocation he was a gardener, not a scholar, and a missionary must be a scholar, so he had been told, with a university degree, or a special training like that of doctor or preacher. How was he to meet such requirements? He had been only at the parish school at home, where "Wully" Mitchell taught the catechism to his beginners' class in reading, at the school in Falkirk where he had learned a little bookkeeping, geography, and astronomy, and later to evening school where he had studied Latin. At fourteen he had been apprenticed as gardener, and had begun work at four in the morning, even during the freezing Scottish winter, when he had to rap his knuckles against the handle of the spade to bring feeling into them. To be sure, he could have had a longer school career if he had not run away and gone to sea at the age of ten, but that adventure

was too exciting altogether to regret. Moreover, it afforded him a clue to solve his present enigma, how to become a missionary. Go to sea as a sailor, and be dropped upon some distant shore where he could stay and teach the people about the dear Person who had come into his life with such redeeming power!

One day, not long after the experience on the Warrington road, the same boy, Robert Moffat by name, accompanied by his chum, Hamlet Clarke, walked to the city of Manchester to attend some Methodist meetings. Scarcely had they arrived in town when Robert caught sight of a name which gave him a thrill of recollection. It was the name he had read on the poster, Rev. William Roby! Of course the boys must go at once to hear him speak, and the next morning Robert must drag his companion to the man's very door while he tried to muster courage to go inside and ask his momentous question. Twice he strode up to the door only to lose nerve and retreat ignominiously to his friend on the sidewalk. At the third trial he lifted the knocker and waited, thinking that if he had a thousand pounds he would give them all to hear it said that Mr. Roby was not at home. Then he would go away and never again be trapped into such a presumptuous act. But the door opened, a maid ushered him into the parlor, and he listened with thumping heart to an approaching step in the hall. A friendly looking man entered the room and gripped the hand of his young visitor. It was not so hard to tell that man the reason of his coming, though he carefully omitted the story of the poster. Mr. Roby listened with interest, asked a

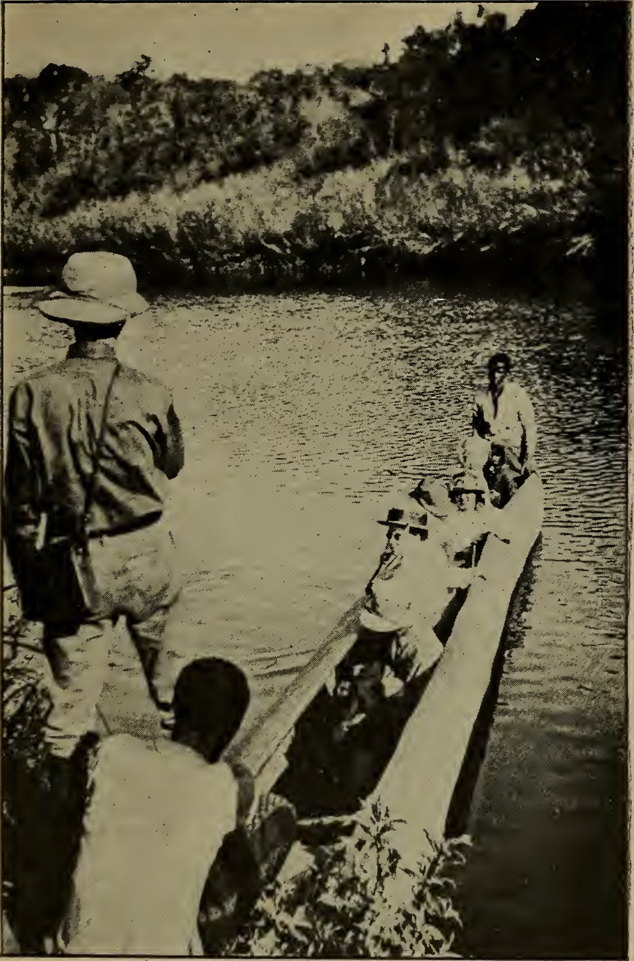
few telling questions, and promised to consult the directors of the London Missionary Society to see if they would appoint Robert Moffat a missionary.

The answer was slow in coming, slow at least to the eager spirit of a boy. When it came, it was a bomb of disappointment. "They have so many applications for missionary work," wrote Mr. Roby, "they cannot receive them all and are therefore obliged to select those who possess the most promising requirements." Of course he might have known it would end that way. He had no "promising requirements," none whatever, save an irrepressible yearning to be a missionary.

"Nevertheless," continued the letter, "will you not come to Manchester and let me place you in a situation near by, that I may examine you as to your fitness for missionary work?"

With his future prospects a blank before him, Robert set out for Manchester to trust his fortunes in the hands of the man to whom he had been so singularly guided. After a day's fruitless search for a vacant position, they were near discouragement when Mr. Roby thought of a friend of his who had a large nursery garden a few miles outside the city. Opportunely, Mr. James Smith of Dukinfield had driven to town that very day, and, when approached, readily consented to give Robert employment.

Now in the comfortable homestead at Dukinfield there lived a blue-eyed girl, the idol of her father's house and the moving spirit in the neighborhood life. Across the hearth those winter nights Robert Moffat glanced furtively at Mary Smith as she sat by her work table, fingers flying and eyes dancing with a



CROSSING THE RIVER
In Canoe Hollowed out of a Tree

merry light. Mary had the gift of nimble speech, while Robert's tongue was slow and shy. But in the springtime when daffodils blossomed in the meadows, he had found words to tell the girl how precious she had become, more than all the world beside. They had long talks together in the garden and under the hawthorn trees in the lane, when Mary told of her boarding school days at Fairfield in the Moravian settlement there, and Robert spoke of the stories his mother used to read about the brave Moravian missionaries. Both had caught the spell of those heroic lives and wished themselves missionaries, Mary as well as Robert, and even before Robert had come into her life with such awakening power. Could they not go together to some foreign land whenever the society in London should decide to accept them?

On a day in early summer came the exciting message that Robert Moffat had been approved by the directors and would soon be appointed a missionary. It was Mr. Roby who had persuaded them to accept his "bonnie laddie," as he fondly called him. With the great good news came a terrible thud of disappointment, for Mr. and Mrs. Smith decided they could not possibly let their only daughter go thousands of miles away from home into a wild, savage country, from which she would most likely never return. "It would be worth a thousand lives to go," declared Mary rapturously, but with stern, sad faces her father and mother said a final "no."

With a heavy weight upon his heart Robert Moffat left Dukinfield to lodge near Mr. Roby in Manchester, that he might receive instructions before he went to London to interview the directors of the

missionary society. That interview over he would sail at once for the country they should designate. There was one last trip to Scotland to the cottage by the Firth of Forth where a dark-eyed mother proudly bade her son good-by, knowing her own prayer was answered in this difficult separation. Out among the trees and flowers at Dukinfield, Mary Smith took up her cross of loneliness as she watched her lover depart. "Impelled by feelings I cannot master, held back by ties I dare not break." That was her dilemma as she herself phrased it.

It was in October of the year 1816 that Robert Moffat went on board the ship "Alacrity" at Gravesend and began the slow, slow voyage which the ship's name belied, a voyage so long that the length of two continents was traversed before the final port was reached. What traveller after five days on shipboard does not rush eagerly on shore, glad to find himself on the dear brown earth once more! What words can describe the feelings of a person who comes to land after eighty-six days, almost a quarter of a year, on a cramped, crowded sailing vessel whose speed limit is five miles an hour! No wonder there was excitement on board when the ship sailed into Table Bay and the white houses of Cape Town came into view, at the base of the great square mountain flanked by the two sharp peaks. Yes, it was Cape Town, that historic spot at the southernmost point of Africa, where Robert Moffat landed, and from which he set forth some months later on the first of his many journeys in an African ox-cart. This mode of travel is called "trekking," and, were it not for the snail pace, fifteen miles a day, and a few

other drawbacks, it might be a jolly, gypsy experience. At any rate, it was charged with adventure. The cart was considerably larger than the prairie schooner of the American northwest, with huge wheels bound by heavy iron rims. It was drawn by several yoke of oxen whom the "crew" of black men spurred into action with their long whips and thongs fastened to the horns of the leaders. Deep sand, blazing heat, a mad search for springs of water to quench the thirst of men and beasts, the howl of lions—these were some of the accompaniments of travel in an African ox-cart.

At every Boer homestead at which Robert Moffat stopped he was greeted with horrible stories of the fate that was sure to befall him beyond the borders of Cape Colony. There was a notorious brigand north of the Orange river, whose desperate deeds had become the terror of every household. He was an outlaw, upon whose head a price had been set by the government, but whom no commandos could capture. He would speedily make an end of the young Englishman who was on his lonely way to the chieftain's kraal. "He will strip off your skin and make a drum of it to dance to," declared one Dutch farmer. "He will make a drinking cup of your skull," announced another. Nothing daunted by these grisly predictions, Robert Moffat pursued his way until he came to an endless stretch of deep, hot sand, a real African desert. There the oxen stampeded and ran away to escape the heat and thirst; there, with a single black companion, Robert waited three days while the other two men took the remaining oxen to shelter and brought relief. They built a fire of dry

grass to cook what little food they had and they went twice a day to the nearest mountain for water. The loneliness was maddening. No human being appeared in sight and no beast of prey, though they could hear the lions roaring in the distance. In that inaccessible desert in the African interior, what tantalizing thoughts came, do you suppose, to the mind of the missionary? He was a very young man, barely twenty-two, and here he was six thousand miles from the stone house in Dukinfield, the dearest spot on earth, with only an ox-cart and a sailing vessel to span the awful distance.

After four months of trekking, the ox-cart crept into the village of huts, shaded by mimosa trees, the lair of Afrikaner, the outlaw. An hour of suspense followed before the chieftain came forth to greet his guest and direct the women to build him a house of sticks and straw. Quickly the circle was drawn, the poles pounded into the ground, straw mats stretched over them and fastened down, and in the space of a few minutes the dwelling was complete. In that flimsy native hut Robert Moffat spent some troubled days, for at first Jager Afrikaner, his brother Titus, and all the tribe were suspicious and unfriendly toward the newcomer. But the newcomer promptly set to work to prove his right to remain among them. He began to teach the children three or four hours a day and to hold religious services night and morning. A hundred children flocked to his school, clad in their dirty *karosses* of sheepskin, and to the daily services came the chief himself with unfailing regularity. What possessed this heathen chieftain, the brave of a hundred battles? Had something be-

SCHOOL GIRLS IN SOUTH AFRICA
Newly Arrived from their Native Kraals

witched him? Instead of calling his warriors to fight or plunder the enemy's cattlefold, he sat in the shadow of a great rock, reading, reading, and it was always the same little thumb-marked book that he read, a Dutch New Testament. At night he sat upon a stone outside the white man's hut talking often until break of day about the great questions of the meaning of life, questions which the little book had roused. Never was man more completely changed. Instead of murder and pillage, he carried sympathy and aid to every hut where need prevailed; instead of inciting the tribes to fight, he begged them to make terms of peace; and once, upon allusion to his former life, he broke down and cried like a child. It was the Christian Gospel which had entered the life of the savage African and made him into a peaceful, reasonable man, the devoted friend of the English missionary. Two men had come from the ends of the earth, in experience as well as geography, but in the bond of a common faith they met as comrades.

After a year in Afrikaner's kraal, Robert Moffat made a proposition to which the chief listened in blank amazement. He proposed no less than a trip to Cape Town and that Afrikaner should accompany him. "I had thought you loved me," demurred the bewildered chief, "and do you advise me to go to the government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" But the missionary was sure he could prevent such a dire catastrophe and believed that marvellous results would follow Afrikaner's presence in Cape Town. So it came about

that two travellers set forth from Great Namaqualand to go to the leading city of the Colony, the white man assuming the rôle of chief and the real chief that of servant, to escape detection.

All along the way Robert Moffat was greeted with exclamations of surprise from Dutch farmers who had heard reports of his death at the hand of Afrikaner. "Don't come near me," cried one in consternation. "It is your ghost; you have long ago been murdered by Afrikaner." Upon protesting that he was no ghost, but a living man, the farmer was led into startled talk, declaring he could believe anything except that Afrikaner had become a Christian man. "There are seven wonders in the world," said he, "that would be the eighth."

"This, then, is Afrikaner," announced the missionary, pointing to the man of gentle bearing who stood beside the wagon. The farmer stared as if he had seen a veritable ghost, and then raising his eyes said with reverence, "O God, what a miracle! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

At Cape Town, Afrikaner's presence created no little stir. Here was the man whose lawless deeds had been common talk for twenty years, and now he was received by the very governor who had formerly ordered his arrest. A present of a fine new wagon was given him and the one hundred pounds sterling once offered for his capture was expended in gifts for himself and his people. The missionary's tactics had been more than vindicated. He had produced living evidence of the value of Christian missions. Meantime into Robert Moffat's life came a sur-

prise as great as the appearance of Afrikaner in Cape Town. A letter was placed in his hand which caused a quick palpitation of interest. It was from Mary Smith and it said that her parents had at last given their consent and she was free to come to him in South Africa. The rebound of joy was almost too great for endurance, for her very last letter had crushed his hope of her ever being allowed to join him. And now this ecstacy of expectation! Eight months had to be lived through before another slow ship came to port bringing the English girl who had journeyed those thousands of miles from home to join her lover. In her girlish presence she stood before him, the figure that had tantalized his inner vision during so many lonely hours. The meaning of that reunion may better be imagined by those who have the gift to feel a vital situation, rather than described in words. In St. George's Church, Cape Town, the two were married on the second day after Christmas in the year 1819, and soon after New Year's day they started on their bridal trip in an ox-cart for the new home in Bechuanaland, seven hundred miles away.

Housekeeping in an African kraal was a comic and a tragic matter. At all hours of the day, curious visitors poked their black heads into the hut of the foreigners, entered at will and seized any object they chanced to fancy. Their naked bodies were smeared with grease and red ochre which came off on everything they touched. And their moods were as perverse as their minds were inquisitive. One day Mary Moffat politely asked a native woman to leave her outside kitchen, whereat the woman snatch-

ed a piece of wood to hurl at her head. Another time in another year after the first child had come into the missionary home, a black girl took offense at some reproof and threw the baby across the room at its mother's head. These were samples of African humor which reached its climax that noonday when the chief Mothibi and his attendants approached the hut with menacing looks. Going forth to meet them, Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, his companion missionary, quietly awaited their pleasure. The spokesman stepped forward, spear quivering in his hand. "The missionaries must leave the country," he proclaimed. "If they disobey, violent measures will be adopted." Then Robert Moffat straightened himself to the full height of his tall figure and made reply: "If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children." With her baby in her arms, Mary Moffat stood in the doorway listening to her husband's daring words and watching the chief's face as he turned to his followers and dubiously shook his head. "These men must have ten lives," said he, "since they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." With this conclusion, chief and warriors turned and went away.

For seven years Robert and Mary Moffat made their home in the Bechuana village without winning a single convert to the Gospel they loved. "Maka hela" (lies only), cried the people in contempt. There were no idols to be found among this tribe, not even a wayside shrine, nor a sacred stream or tree, no

CAREY'S HOUSE AT SERAMPORE

A HINDU "HOLY MAN"

This Worshipper Can Be Seen from Window of Carey's House

legends of ancient origin, no religious traditions or customs for the missionary to use as point of contact for his message. But a Christian home was an irresistible witness of higher truths to the heathen kraal. They could not withstand its appeal nor yet the brotherly spirit of the missionaries, who always used their superior skill to help their black neighbors. The influence had been slowly at work, but its manifestation was sudden and overwhelming. Attentive faces looked up at the preacher in the crude little chapel which had become crowded to overflowing. Orderly behaviour took the place of war cries and wild dancing which always characterized a native assembly. Tears were detected even in the eyes of the men, whose function in African society was to hunt and fight, but never to reflect upon their sins. The usual activities were suspended in the new exaltation which swept through the kraal. In the huts people met to pray and sing the three hymns Mr. Moffat had translated into their language. Voluntarily they offered to build a church, and old and young joined in this community undertaking, women and children carrying laths and clay.

But a certain Sunday in July was the red letter day in the history of the mission, for on that day, in the new church which the people themselves had built, the first Bechuana Christians were baptized and received into church membership. On that memorable day was used the communion service which had arrived from England only the Friday night before! Two years previously Mrs. Moffat had been asked by a friend at home what gift would be acceptable and without hesitation she had re-

plied, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day."

Further evidence of the Christian awakening was seen in the practical realm of life. Women and girls crowded around Mrs. Moffat, eager to train their clumsy fingers, accustomed to pickaxe and hoe, to use so tiny an implement as the needle. Men as well as women brought skins of animals to be made into garments. Many ludicrous sights were to be seen during this reform period, a man wearing a jacket with one sleeve, a black arm protruding from the other armhole; men with leather jackets and sleeves made of blue, red, or yellow cotton. Scarcity of material was responsible for these incongruities, but even the funny sights were precious to the missionaries, for were they not tokens of the complete change in mental attitude which had befallen this heathen tribe? "Old things had passed away; all things were becoming new." Chairs, chests, and tables, hitherto spurned as the folly of Europeans, were now in great demand. And on the walls of native huts hung bunches of homemade candles, made from the fat formerly used for food or bodily decoration. Instead of the evening palaver around the smouldering fire, they actually sat in their huts reading the printed page!

Out of Mothibi's kraal, with its thorn hedge, its straw huts and barren soil, its lazy, dormant people, developed in course of years the Christian village of Kuruman, a blessed refuge for worried travellers and new missionaries who came to settle in the lonely regions beyond the borders of Cape Colony. With its comfortable houses, gardens, water ditches, fruit and

willow trees, and its orderly community life, Kuruman was like a piece of well-kept, busy England transplanted into the African wilderness by a one-time gardener and his efficient wife.

In the year 1839 the Moffat family, father, mother, and children sailed home to England, the first visit in twenty years! So little did Mr. Moffat suspect the tremendous welcome awaiting him, and so unfamiliar did his native land appear that he lingered on shipboard after Mary and the children had gone on shore, ostensibly to attend to the luggage, but really to master the shy, homesick feelings that beset him. Upon landing, the surprise of his life began. He was the hero of the hour. Great mass meetings were planned from one end of the kingdom to the other, and with the importance of a political campaign he was hurried from one town to another to address the throngs which gathered at the summons of his name, announced, perchance, by a wayside poster. In one place he held an audience of boys and girls in rapt attention for the space of an hour and a half. Young men and women were moved to give their lives to Christian service by the potency of his message and his spirit. It would be difficult to estimate where his life counted most, in South Africa where he spent in all fifty years, or in England where his adult years were but few.

In the London audiences which greeted the missionary there often sat a young Scotch doctor who listened with a strange light burning in his blue-grey eyes. "In the morning sun," declared the speaker, "I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been." "The

smoke of a thousand villages!" That was enough. From that moment David Livingstone decided to give his life to Africa. The greatest missionary explorer of all time was drawn to the dark continent by the message of Robert Moffat, the man who afterwards became his father-in-law.

"The smoke of a thousand villages!" The human need typified by that pungent phrase had drawn Robert Moffat to Afrikaner's kraal and had prompted Mary Smith to break the dear home ties and travel that awful distance to join her lover in the Bechuana village. In their old age when they had returned to England for the last time, Mary Moffat once made this remark: "Robert can never say I hindered him in his work." "No, indeed," exclaimed her husband, "but I can tell you she has often sent me away from house and home for months together for evangelizing purposes and in my absence has managed the station as well or better than I could myself." Space fails us to recount those thrilling journeys, to the kraal of Mosilikatse, the peerless chief, to the war camp of the Mantatees, or to tell of that laborious achievement, the translation of the entire Bible into the Bechuana language, a document which became the priceless heritage of his successors. The exploits of the husband were always made possible by the coöperation of the wife. "The strength of two was felt in each one's power." At Mary's death, Robert Moffat exclaimed in realization of his deepest loss, "For fifty-three years I have had her to pray for me." The inner secret of their far-reaching lives was revealed in those significant words.

CHAPTER II.

The Boy with Five Talents

"Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

Famous epigram of William Carey.

CHAPTER II.

The Boy with Five Talents

If you would find a clue to the manhood career of some boy you know, take note of the things that boy does for no other reason save that he naturally likes to do them. A boy of six who is heard doing sums in arithmetic in the middle of the night is the future astronomer, mechanical engineer or perhaps the author of a new text-book in mathematics. A boy who turns his bedroom into a natural history museum and collects there birds, bugs, and all the plant specimens he can find in the forest, is more than likely to choose the work of botanist, biologist, or landscape gardener. If you have ever known a small boy whose practice it is to climb into a low-growing elm tree and from his favorite perch to preach a sermon to a voluntary congregation of village boys, you will easily mark him for a future preacher of force and fame. A boy who is known to have memorized a Latin vocabulary entire, to have made a fair start in Greek by studying the words found in a Bible commentary, to have read his first French book in three weeks, to have taught himself Dutch and Hebrew by means of borrowed books, that boy is designed unquestionably for a famous linguist and translator. A boy in his teens who works in a cobbler's shop and covers the wall with a map of the world which he himself has made from pieces of brown paper, and on which he pastes clippings and makes notes in his own handwriting, that boy is

likely to learn a different calling from the shoemaker's and become in course of years another Nansen, Peary or Livingstone.

But what if all these five talents should be found in one boy in almost equal measure, what *would* you predict for that boy's future career? What one vocation is there which gives opportunity to the botanist, the mathematician, the translator, the preacher, and the explorer, so that each separate ability can find adequate expression? But, in the first place, was there ever such a boy, with five strongly marked propensities, each one of which, if developed, would give him a life-work of success and usefulness? There was once such a boy and there is such a vocation, a vocation which calls into play every faculty a man possesses and then does not exhaust its demand.

In the 18th century, just before the days of George Washington and the American Revolution, a child was born in England who was destined to become the father, not of a new nation, but of a new enterprise as broad as the world. He was the eldest of five children in a family named Carey, a name of interesting flavor because of its supposed Norse origin. It is easy to imagine a dash of Norse ancestry in the nature and career of William Carey, born in 1761 in the village of Paulerspury on the old Roman road between London and Chester. His father was a "tammy" or woolen cloth weaver by trade, doing business in his own cottage in the "Pury" end of town, beyond the burn along which the straggling village was built. Later he became schoolmaster at the "church end," so called. The boy William

WILLIAM CAREY'S GRAVE AT SERAMPORE

CROWDS OF WORSHIPPERS AT MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE

A Familiar Scene to William Carey (Millions of the People of India are Followers of Mohammed)

was known to be precocious beyond his mates, but there was no one in Paulerspury to send a promising lad to Eton and Oxford, and at sixteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Hackleton and the cobbler's shop became his substitute for college. He always propped a book before him as he worked, and the languages he learned and the facts about the world that he gathered from works of science, history, and travel were not far behind the university curriculum. At night when he tramped over the country roads delivering shoes or procuring leather, he would review in his mind the knowledge he had lately acquired, thus stamping it upon his memory indelibly.

Despite his great ambition to learn, poverty and hard work would certainly have swamped at least some of the boy's five talents, had he not been impelled by the most conquering motive boy or man can know. William Carey had an active brain and a conscience as active and neither one nor the other would let him rest until he discovered a purpose big enough to govern his life. Where was to be found the answer to a boy's deepest questions? Not in the parish church, he knew, for there he had found rites and ceremonies and formal prayers, but nothing to call directly to his own mind and will and demand response. The outside of the boy had been employed in religious worship, but the inside—the boy himself—had never been enlisted. In the cobbler's shop was another apprentice, an older boy, who belonged to the church group known as Dissenters, those who had separated from the Church of England and formed a church independent of state control. Members of this same church group had once dared the

seas in a little boat called the Mayflower and laid the foundations of a new nation. But William Carey, like most others bred in the Established Church, had nothing but contempt for this outcast body of worshippers. In hot pride he argued with the Dissenter apprentice, always contriving to have the last word, though forced to admit to himself that his antagonist had the best of the argument. To ease his conscience, he began to go more frequently to church, attending three services on Sunday in the parish church and the Dissenter prayer-meeting during the week. It was among the despised Dissenters that William found the object of his quest, a Christ whom he worshipped not in the formulas of church service, but in the friendly regions of his own personal life.

With such books as he could procure in a place where public libraries did not exist, William Carey tried to work out an intelligent belief or theology for his own satisfaction. Honest thinking led him to a choice of the Baptist Church and in 1783 he was baptized in the River Nen near the meeting-house in Northampton. When a young man of twenty, he began to preach to small groups of people, first in his native village and the town where he worked, then at Barton where he was the regular minister for three years, walking twelve miles to preach on Sunday and working in the shop at Hackleton during the week. But he was by no means an unlettered or unscholarly preacher, for every morning at his devotions he read a portion of the Bible in three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and thus mastered its content.

While in the early twenties, William Carey had the most depressing experience of ill fortune which can

well befall a man. He bought out the shoemaker's business and that failed; he married a wife and she failed to bring him happiness; he plodded from village to village trying to sell an order of shoes contracted for and rejected; early and late he worked in his garden only to be attacked by ague caused by the unhealthy neighborhood; his first born child died of fever. During this period he received from his congregation at Barton barely enough to pay for the clothes he wore threadbare in their service, and from his trade insufficient to give the daily necessities to his family. But his fine spirit of determination was unbroken. He accepted a call to a somewhat larger church at Moulton and there, while living on an income that never exceeded $180 a year, preaching, ing, teaching school, gardening, studying, and cobbling shoes, he worked out his *great idea* which electrified his generation and turned the tide of history.

If to lay hold of an idea other men have not perceived marks a man as original, then William Carey was a bold and original pioneer. To no other man of his time did the great idea come home with such startling force and urgency. It had the authority of a voice from God. For years Carey had read books of history and travel and had illuminated his map with notes concerning all the countries of the world, populations, customs, religions. In his own life he had felt the power of Christ helping him to resist temptation. Gradually he brought the two facts together, the world's condition of darkness and need, and the power of Christ to lighten and relieve. According to his calculations there were 731 million

inhabitants of the world, 420 millions of whom could be classified as heathen. The corollary was plain. It was the duty of Christians to carry their religion to the darkened countries of the world.

To Carey the call was clear, but he had a long, hard fight before he could convince even his fellow ministers of its prime importance. Once in a ministers' meeting he ventured to propose a discussion on the subject, when the chairman, an elderly man, cried in dismay, "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen world, He will do so without your help or mine." Publicly rebuked for his zeal, the young man went home and wrote an essay which gave some telling facts and figures about the different countries of the world. The document was afterwards published and praised for its literary value as well as its logic. It was six years, however, before Carey succeeded in breaking down opposition to his plan. At a gathering of ministers at Nottingham he preached a sermon which took his hearers by storm. On that occasion he flung out the inspired phrase which men have quoted ever since, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." The effect was irresistible. In that same year, in the presence of twelve country ministers, there was formed the first organization for sending missionaries to the non-Christian world. Before this time individual Christians, Paul, Augustine, Xavier, and others had carried their Gospel to the borders of the world, but there had been no organized group at home to stand back of them with money and counsel. The vision of William Carey, the cobbler, created the movement which has enlisted thousands in its service,

WAR CANOES OF 1820
Picture Taken from an Oil Painting

and influenced millions. In the light of history we can see that the world program of Carey works better than political treaty or any other measure, in bringing all nations and races into "one great fellowship of love."

It was in November, 1793, that the Carey family landed in India, after a voyage of five months from Dover to Calcutta. The first year they spent in the country produced problems enough to stagger anybody but a Christian missionary. "They were destitute, afflicted, ill-treated." In a foreign land, fifteen thousand miles from home, with passports forbidden by the East India Company, without money, without friends, they wandered about from place to place, until, in a little boat on the Jamoona River, when but one meal remained for the destitute family, an English settler came to their rescue and offered them the hospitality of his home. In a tiger jungle across the river Carey secured a few acres and built a bamboo house for himself and family. Thousands of natives flocked at once to the scene, eager to secure the protection of the Englishman's gun against tigers and wild beasts of the forest. There in the jungle Carey wrote to the ministers at home, declaring that he was learning the language rapidly and expected soon to preach to regular congregations; and, with his usual interest in world projects, suggesting that the society send its next missionaries to Africa or Asia rather than America because of the density of population. "Attended as I am with difficulties," he wrote, "I would not renounce my undertaking for all the world."

Early in 1794 the financial burden was lifted, for

he was appointed manager of an indigo factory at Mudnabati, on a salary of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. His first move was to write to the society, releasing it from the necessity of providing his support, and urging that the money be used to start a mission elsewhere. His next move was to plan his expenses so carefully that he could give a quarter or a third of his income to his own missionary work. With his scientific knowledge and his systematic habits Carey was a competent business man, but at no time in his career did he neglect his main business, the spread of the Gospel. His new position gave him access to large numbers of people, farmers who cultivated the indigo plant and the factory workers. Gaining facility in the language, he talked and preached more and more often, until the following year he had a regular congregation of several hundred. Besides his business, his gardening, his preaching, he had begun to translate the Bible into Bengali, compiling at the same time a grammar and dictionary of the language. True linguist that he was, he perceived that he could not do justice to Bible meanings without a knowledge of the mother tongue, Sanskrit, and promptly set to work to master its intricacies. In the process he translated the Sanskrit grammar and dictionary into English, and began a composite dictionary of Sanskrit, Bengali, and English.

In five years after arrival in Calcutta, the Bible translation was finished, save for a few Old Testament books, and Carey set out for Calcutta to secure estimates for printing. On one of these trips to get types cast, he passed the scene of suttee, the terrible

Hindu custom of burning the widow upon the funeral pyre of her husband. He stood aghast at the grisly preparations: the carefully laid pile of wood, the dead body, and the tragic, defiant figure of the woman to be sacrificed. Six times she was led around the pyre, scattering sweetmeats to the assembled spectators. In vain did Carey cry out against the shocking murder. "It is a most holy deed," they made answer, "and if you do not like to see it, go further away." He besought the woman not to throw her life away, assuring her no evil would befall her if she refused to be burned to death. By way of answer she mounted the pile and danced in calm contempt of death. Then she lay down beside her husband and put her arm around his neck in readiness to die. Dry cocoa leaves were piled high above them and ghee or melted butter poured over the top. Two bamboos were pressed down upon the victim, and when the fire was kindled the crowd set up a great shout to deaden her cries of pain. From that moment William Carey vowed unremitting enmity to the Hindu custom of suttee. As Livingstone fought the slave trade in Africa, he fought the widow-burning in India, until thirty years later it was forbidden by decree of the British government.

Carey was now thirty-eight years old and the great adventure of his life, missionary and personal, was yet to come. About the time the indigo business failed because of floods and labor troubles, four new missionaries landed in India. One of the number was William Ward, the printer of Hull, to whom Carey had remarked five years before, "If the Lord

bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures; I hope you will come after us." On a Sunday morning in the autumn of 1799, William Ward approached Mudnabati and greeted the man whose challenge had spurred him to a missionary life. It was a jubilant occasion for both. Upon consultation the two men decided to move the mission to Danish territory where they would be unhindered by government opposition. The British East India Company opposed any attempt to Christianize the Hindus, even forbidding the new arrivals to settle at Mudnabati. Carey had been allowed to remain in their territory only because he was registered as an indigo planter. The new site chosen was Serampore, a town on the Hoogli river fifteen miles from Calcutta, in as densely populated a region as you can find on the globe.

Early in the New Year and the new century the Serampore settlement was founded, famous in after years for the plan of government it adopted. Like that first community of disciples in Jerusalem recorded in the Book of Acts, "Not one of them said that aught of the things he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." It was a practical experiment in coöperative living. Carey's business skill made the experiment a financial success, while devotion to the same beloved Leader made it easier for them to love one another. They had a constitution of the brotherhood and every Saturday evening they met together "to adjust differences and to pledge themselves anew to love one another." "No private family," wrote William Ward, "ever enjoyed a greater portion of happiness even in

PREPARING ARROWROOT IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

worldly prosperity, than we have done since we resolved to have all things common." It is quite impossible to estimate the influence of this brotherhood of Serampore. In a region where many different races lived side by side, it was an example of Christian friendliness which did more good than sermons. In world history it stands as a coöperative enterprise which has no equal save that original community in Jerusalem. In a year's time the school and press enabled the brotherhood to be self-supporting. In two years they were able to buy extra land and property and in six years to reimburse the Society for the money it had advanced. Eventually the settlement covered an extensive area with fine residences, school and college buildings, a paper mill, printing press worked by a steam engine of twelve horse power, the first to be introduced into India, and Carey's Botanical Garden, a famous landmark in North India.

Carey's garden was said to contain the best and rarest collection of plants in the East. It comprised five acres with rare trees, mahogany, teak, tamarind, eucalyptus, and an immense variety of plants. The gardeners were Hindus, trained by Carey not only to tend the plants, but to know and pronounce their Latin names. The garden was a side issue in the busy man's life, but in itself was a prodigious achievement, representing a vast amount of study and observation. Carey became an acknowledged authority on botany and agriculture, editing botanical catalogues, writing magazine articles, and founding the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, said to be the model of the Royal Agricultural Socie-

ty of England. As a scientist alone, the man's career would have had significance and science was only his hobby, his avocation.

For seven years Carey preached in the Bengali language without winning a single convert. Imagine, then, his rejoicing when on the last Sunday of 1800 he led into the river Ganges for baptism his own son Felix and Krishna Pal, the first Hindu to respond to his message. This man became afterwards a missionary to Assam as well as writer of hymns in his own dialect. His wife and four daughters soon followed his lead, and several others broke caste and joined the Christians, including three men from the writer caste, a Mohammedan, and a young Brahmin who came from the tiger jungle where Carey had lived that first year. These were the vanguard of a large group of Hindu Christians, many of whom were trained as missionaries and sent over a wide area of India.

At Serampore Carey's labors became rapidly extended. With the help of his colleagues he established a free school for Hindus, a boarding school for Portuguese, Armenian, and Eurasian children, a school in Calcutta for destitute boys and girls of all races and ages, which in time numbered four hundred, a leper hospital, and finally the Serampore College to which the King of Denmark gave a charter of incorporation placing it upon the same level as European colleges.

For thirty years William Carey divided his time between Serampore and Calcutta, rowing down the river to the city Tuesday evenings, returning Fridays and always studying on the way. A chapel had been

opened in Lall Bazaar, a kind of Bowery section of Calcutta, and at night he preached to the poor and ignorant with as keen zest as he taught the high caste students during the day. Carey had not been ten years in India before he was appointed by the governor-general as teacher of Bengali and later of Sanskrit and Marathi in the government college at Fort William. With no university training in youth, no school life beyond the village school of Paulerspury taught by his father, only the cobbler's shop and his books plus his life purpose, he had become one of the most eminent scholars of the Orient. The new appointment gave him increased income, for, as professor of three languages, he received a salary of nine thousand dollars a year. What did the man do with his new fortune? Buy a house in the wealthy section of Calcutta and keep his servants and horses? Far from it. He planned his family expenses on a basis of two hundred dollars a year, plus a small additional sum for clothing, and gave all the remainder to the mission! An income of nine thousand, living expenses around three hundred, eighty-seven hundred dollars given away annually! What was the secret of this extraordinary generosity? His colleagues, Marshman and Ward, lived in the same manner, frugal with themselves, munificent with others.

A man would need to live a simple life in order to perform in one lifetime the labors of Dr. Carey. With the help of his colleagues he translated portions of the Bible into forty Oriental languages and dialects. Carey did for Asia what Wycliffe and Luther did for western Europe, gave the people the

Bible in their own speech. He knew the power of the Word of God. It had united the members of the Serampore community into a happy family group, why should it not unite the races and nations of the world if widely read and understood?

In the year 1812 a catastrophe befell the Serampore mission. The printing press was burned to the ground; valuable fonts of type were lost and Carey's precious manuscript of the polyglot dictionary of all languages, derived from Sanskrit. With tears in his eyes Dr. Carey approached the smoking ruin the day of his return to Calcutta. "In one short evening," said he, "the labors of years are consumed. The Lord has laid me low that I may look more simply to Him. I hope to repair the loss and to complete my favorite scheme if my life be prolonged." The loss was estimated at $50,000, but so great was the sympathy in England that in fifty days the entire sum was subscribed.

The time has come for us to speak of Dr. Carey in his home circle, where the real quality of the man is always revealed. There his Christ-like spirit shone in its gentlest and purest light. The wife of his youth was a trial instead of a blessing. She did not want to be a missionary's wife; she did not want to leave England for a foreign country; she rebelled against the hardships they suffered there; and in the end her mind became deranged and she died insane. With this trying companion Dr. Carey was invariably patient and courteous, manifesting in his letters a kind of wistful affection. It was in middle age that the real romance of his life came to him. A German lady of noble birth and high breeding, the Lady

Charlotte Emelia Rhumohr had come to India for her health and had secured a residence at Serampore. At first a skeptic concerning religion, she soon began to learn English that she might join the missionaries at public worship, and it was not long before she joined them in active Christian service. In 1808 she married Dr. Carey and their union may well be ranked with that of the Brownings and those elect few who are completely one in mind and spirit. Her love letters, written during an enforced absence from her husband, belong with the most beautiful literature of that order, revealing in a courtly style a reverent devotion to the man she had married. But their happiness was brief, for Mrs. Carey lived only thirteen years after her marriage. It was characteristic of Dr. Carey that he should say it was better for her to go first, better for him to bear the grief of separation, than for its heavy load to fall upon her.

To his children Dr. Carey gave an eager sympathy and wise counsel. A letter to his son Jabez when he left home on a missionary journey to Amboyna, contains advice which resembles that of Polonius to his son Laertes in Hamlet. "Behave affably and genteelly to all, but not cringingly towards any. Feel that you are a man, and always act with that dignified sincerity and truth which will command the esteem of all. . . . A gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former. Money never makes a gentleman, neither does a fine appearance, but an enlarged understanding joined to engaging manners."

It was the habit of Carey's life never to take credit to himself for the great work he did. In his old age,

among the visitors to his Serampore house came Alexander Duff, the young Scotch missionary. After they had talked and prayed together Duff turned to leave the room when he heard a feeble voice recalling him. Returning to the side of the older man, he listened to these words: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey, speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour."

With all his modest estimate of his own powers, we know that William Carey was a boy of unusual endowment, that he possessed five marked talents. But we know that his talents were more than doubled by his unflagging industry fired by his great purpose. Some one has said that a man should work by multiplication rather than addition. William Carey multiplied his abilities and his influence by his vision of service, which, like the love of his Master, was world-wide.

CHAPTER III.

The King of the Cannibals

"He walked with God, why may not I?"

John G. Paton.

INDIAN CAVALRY ON BRITISH WESTERN FRONT

CHAPTER III.

The King of the Cannibals

A father and son trudged resolutely along the road which led from the Scotch village of Torthorwald to Kilmarnock, forty miles away. The father was a man of striking countenance whom you would turn to look at anywhere; a strong, sensitive face framed with long, flowing locks of yellowish-golden hair. He carried his hat in his hand, and at intervals his lips moved as if he were speaking without audible words. On the boy's face was the look you often see when a boy is about to enter a big, untried experience, an experience which he ardently wants and yet dreads to face. In his hand he carried the symbol of his undertaking, a bundle tied up in a huge pocket handkerchief, containing his Bible and all his clothes. That bundle told the story, a story as old as human life; a boy leaving home for the first time to go alone into the great world. Under how many guises has that story been enacted the wide world over? Young people, boys and girls, going out from the old home into—what? The unanswered question is what gives pang to the separation, especially for the older folks who are left behind.

At the appointed place of parting father and son halted their steps and looked sorrowfully into each other's eyes. Grasping the boy's hand and speaking in broken and solemn tones, the father said, "God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you and keep you from all evil!" He could say no more,

but his lips kept moving, as before, in silent prayer to God for his boy. The boy was the first to break away, making a determined dash and running as fast as he could go until he reached a bend in the road. There he slowed down and glanced around to behold his father standing in the same spot where he had left him, his golden hair uncovered and his eyes fixed upon the retreating figure of his boy. Waving his hat, the boy rushed around the curve which hid him from view. But the vision of that beloved form standing in the road behind clutched at his heart-strings until he could not resist climbing the dyke for one last look. And there, at the same moment, was his father climbing the dyke for one last glimpse of the boy. But the boy could not be seen, and after looking for a few minutes he stepped back to the road and began his lonely walk home, his tall form erect and his head still uncovered. Through his tears the boy watched until his father disappeared in the distance, then went on his way to the town where he was to take train for Glasgow. "I vowed deeply and oft," said the boy as he recounted the experience in later years, "by the help of God to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonor such a father and mother as He had given me."

Back to the cottage with its roof of thatch and oaken wattles went the father, back to "Wee Jen," his wife, with her quick wit and her high spirits, back to the little village with its cottars and crofters, blacksmiths and tailors, weavers and shoemakers, the Scotland of Burns and Barrie, back to its earnest, simple, God-fearing life, went the man with the golden locks and the shining, noble face. On went

the boy to the city, on through his competitive examinations, into normal school and college, teaching to earn money for another term of school, working as city missionary in the poorest district of Glasgow, reaching drunkards and criminals with his message, studying at the same time at the university and medical school, on through ten hard-working years until that day in 1858 when he and his young wife sailed away from England in a ship bound for Melbourne, Australia. There they embarked on another more adventurous voyage which landed them on the shore of a lonely island in the South Pacific ocean. It was an island as mysterious as Robinson Crusoe's, surrounded by a coral reef and tossing waves; covered with tropical vegetation, sugar-cane, banana, breadfruit, and cocoanut trees; inhabited by—cannibals! Here he was, John Gibson Paton, with his wife, Mary Ann Robson, thousands of miles from home on a cannibal island in the South Seas! If you would know how and why he had come, you should read the fascinating account of his life told by himself, a story every whit as full of novel adventure as Robinson Crusoe, and more thrilling, because true. Or, if you are bent upon tracing the reason of John Paton's presence here you should go in reverent imagination back to that Scotch cottage in Torthorwald, and follow the children of that house as they tiptoed softly past the closed door behind which their father knelt twice or thrice each day in prayer for his boys and girls. "The outside world might not know," said John, "but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a new-born smile that always was dawning on my father's face; it was a reflection from the

Divine Presence in the consciousness of which he lived." From the British Isles to the New Hebrides is a long, long way in miles, but from the altar of a Scottish home it is but a step, an easy, natural step for the oldest son to take.

On the island of Tanna, generally known as a cannibal island, John and Mary Paton prepared their first dwelling, built upon a stone foundation to withstand hurricane, with lime plastering burned in kilns from the coral rock, and sugar-cane leaf for thatch. In crowds the native people of the island came flocking down to the shore to stare at the newcomers with their queer clothes, queer house, and queer tools. What an odd sight each group must have presented to the other, different color of skin, different clothes, different tools and utensils, different language; human beings all, but how enormously far removed in manner of life and thought! Somewhat dubiously the Patons looked at their neighbors-to-be and a disconcerting group they surely found them! Naked savages, adorned with feathers stuck in their twisted hair, daubed with paint of many colors, armed with tomahawks, muskets, clubs, and spears! And worse than their hideous appearance were the ugly stories told about the deeds they did: men and women killed and eaten; widows strangled to death that they might accompany their husbands to the spirit world and be their servants there even as they had been here! Could this be the nineteenth century and the world in which Christ once lived, the Saviour of all mankind?

"Nungsi nari enu?" exclaimed one native man to another as he held up a mysterious article belonging

A HINDU WEDDING PARTY
Bride and Groom in Center

to the missionaries. Here was the clue for which Paton had been watching and, lifting a piece of wood, he repeated the phrase, "Nungsi nari enu?" The two men looked at each other with a knowing smile as much as to say, "He has got hold of our language now." His question brought the desired answer and the new word was written down in phonetic spelling. By repeating that useful question, "What is it?" and watching for other questions to ask, he speedily learned the Tannese names for many common objects. By guesses, cross-questions, and comparisons of words as used under different circumstances, he accumulated quite an extensive vocabulary, and in course of time gave written form to the language which hitherto had boasted not even an alphabet, much less a literature. But like most savage peoples who have taught themselves by observation of Nature and by actions performed instinctively, the Tannese had developed a crude religion which exerted a terrible power over their lives. There were stone idols, charms, and sacred objects which they feared with a deadly fear, and there were witches, wizards, and sacred men who were supposed to wield the power of life and death over all the islands. It was a religion of unceasing terror, lest some evil spirit should take offense and punish the hapless victim. But cruel and distorted as it was, it was a real religion, a groping of the untaught human heart after powers unseen and it gave the missionary a starting point for his message of a God who rules an orderly universe and loves His erring human children.

Trials and tribulations beset John Paton from beginning to end of his life on Tanna, but of all his

hairbreadth escapes and harrowing anxieties, in fact, of all the adventure and hardship of his long life, nothing so grievous befell him as in the month of March, 1859, four months after landing on the island. In that one month his wife and his baby son were taken from him. The little new house on the coral-reefed island was left silent and desolate, that first home which had been so proudly and, as they thought, so securely built. Too late they discovered the fatal mistake of locating on low land near the shore. "Missi, if you stay here, you will soon die," said a friendly chief in warning. "No Tannese sleeps as low down as you do in this damp weather. We sleep on the high ground and the trade wind keeps us well. You must go and sleep on the hill and then you will have better health." Realizing the danger, Paton planned to move his house to higher levels, but, before the heavy labor could even be begun, the malarial swamps had done their deadly work, and his young wife was gone beyond recall. In one grave near the house, he laid the mother and child, his own hands rendering perforce those last services to the dead. He inlaid the grave with coral blocks and covered it with broken bits of lovely white coral, and thenceforth the burial place became a kind of shrine for the lonely man in the days of ague, fever, and terrible depression that followed. "But for Jesus and the fellowship He vouchsafed me there I must have gone mad and died beside that lonely grave." In these words Paton recalled in later years the desolating experience of his early manhood.

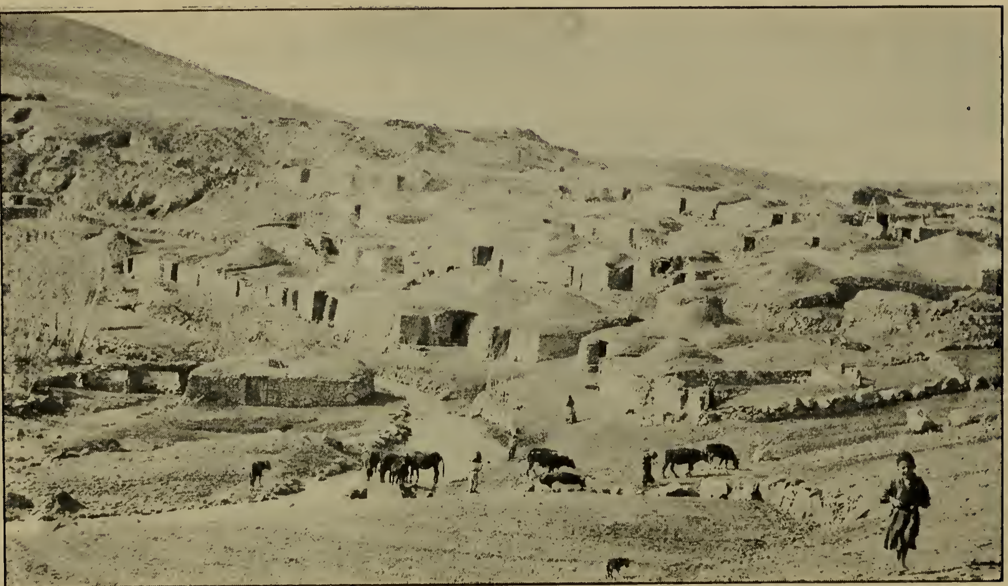
The novelty which first surrounded the missionaries soon wore off, and a series of annoyances and

persecutions began. Chiefs banded together and seized half of the land purchased for the mission house, "tabooing" the half that was left. Reeds were stuck into the ground around the property, mysterious signals of "taboo," that is, death to him who continued to build the fence enclosing the mission premises. When a third payment was made for the disputed property, the "taboo" was lifted for a season and building resumed. Next came a spell of dry weather which hindered the growth of yams and bananas. This misfortune was promptly charged to the missionary and the Christian teachers he had brought from the island of Aneityum, where the Gospel had already been taught and accepted. An important council was held on Tanna and powerful chiefs pronounced the verdict of death to the Christians unless rain came forthwith. Fortunately rain fell within a few days and the death penalty was repealed, only to be invoked again when continued rains and hurricanes brought fever to the people and damage to the fruit trees. Another cause of complaint was found in the sudden death of an Aneityumese chief who had just returned home from a visit to Tanna. His death was ascribed to Paton and to the "Worship," as they called the religion he tried to teach them and to which a few tremblingly responded. The mission house should be burned and the whole mission party either murdered or compelled to leave the island. Assemblies were held, fiery speeches delivered, and women killed, cooked, and eaten, such being the tribal covenant for life or death. But their plans were unexpectedly defeated, for Nowar, the aged chief, in whose do-

main Paton lived, resolved to defend him, and, when the murder frenzy was at its height, a warrior chief arose, swung his great club in the air and flung it crashing to the ground, crying in a loud and awful voice, "The man that kills Missi must first kill me, the men that kill the mission teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by them and defend them till death." On this occasion and many, many times thereafter did Paton record, "Our dear Lord Jesus interposed on our behalf this day."

Before the mission house could be removed to higher ground, Paton was smitten with fever and ague fourteen times, the last attack leaving him so weak he had literally to creep up the hill for a breath of clear and bracing air. There on a bed of cocoanut leaves, fed with cocoanut juice and native food, and tended by two Christian natives from Aneityum, old Abraham and his wife Nafatu, he came slowly back to health. With the help of these two faithful Christians the new house was laboriously put together, and fever and ague departed. "That noble old soul Abraham stood by me as an angel of God in sickness and in danger," wrote Paton. "Any trust, however sacred or valuable, could be absolutely reposed in him, and in trial or danger I was often refreshed by that old teacher's prayers, as I used to be by the prayers of my saintly father in my childhood's home." And Abraham was a converted cannibal!

No sooner had Paton become settled in his new home than direct attacks upon his life began. Despite growing hostility there had been signs of feeble response to the "Worship," for forty or more came



A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN EASTERN TURKEY
Houses Are Built with Stone Walls and Mud Roof

each Sunday to service and several men came regularly by night, as Nicodemus once came to Jesus, to talk about the new religion which was so strangely disturbing their peace. The old chief Nowar with three or four others seemed to be half Christian, drawn to the Lord Christ, but easily swayed and diverted by the people about them. And the savage people were bent upon killing the missionary and destroying every trace of the religion he had come to teach. They hated Jehovah and the "Worship," so they said, for it made them afraid to do as they always had done. Early one morning Paton awakened to a vivid consciousness of danger and peering out of the window, discovered that his house was surrounded with armed men and a chief was giving the sign of murder. Kneeling down, he gave himself body and soul to the Lord Jesus for what surely seemed to be the last time on earth. From his knees he went straight into the midst of the savages, talking calmly and persuasively with them until many slunk away into the bush and those who remained entered into a covenant of peace. But the truce was brief, for a few days later a wild chief pursued him for four hours with a loaded musket which many times was levelled directly at him, but the trigger never pulled. "Looking up in unceasing prayer to our dear Lord Jesus," said Paton, "I left all in His hands and felt immortal till my work was done." Three times in one night he awakened to hear men pounding at his door and trying to force an entrance. On this night and many subsequent occasions, a little retriever dog stood between his master and death.

Fiercer grew the lust for murder, and surer grew the

missionary that God had placed him there and would protect him until his task was finished. Time and again he was surrounded by armed men who pointed muskets at him, but never fired a shot. Once, three sacred men tried to take his life by *nahak*, witchcraft, a nerve-racking ordeal in which the missionary was victorious, but which left one of the sacred men so enraged that for weeks he haunted Paton like a spectre, appearing suddenly on the path with giant spear upraised to strike. On a New Year's day, never to be forgotten, two men with black painted faces and armed with great clubs appeared at the house, demanding medicine for a sick boy. Upon being admitted they grasped each man his *kawas*, killing-stone, and assumed a menacing posture. Upon being asked to leave they again seized their clubs, raised them aloft, and were preparing to strike when the two dogs sprang at their faces and diverted the blows. The loyalty of a dog had again saved Paton from a cruel death.

Though his life was in constant danger and he could never for one moment relax his watchfulness, the missionary went calmly about his work, trying to reach and save the savage people. With a few helpers he succeeded in building a church, a fine suitable structure for the tropics, with roof of ironwood and sugar-cane leaf, supported by massive pillars, and a floor of broken white coral covered with cocoanut leaf mats. It was a church to be proud of at any time, and built as it was under circumstances of daily hostility and threat of death, it was a striking evidence of Paton's trust in God. A task even more arduous was accomplished in those critical

days, for with a printing press and a font of type brought from Glasgow, and no previous knowledge of the craft, he succeeded in printing the first book in the Tannese language. Yet with all the labors of love he performed for their benefit, the poor, benighted people still distrusted their white friend and sought by every means to take his life.

The war chief Miaki was his worst enemy and provoked the people to hatred and murder. The night finally came when no candle could be lighted in the mission house lest some one of its occupants should be seen and shot. Throughout that long and terrible night Abraham, Nafatu, and Paton watched and waited, and in the grey light of morning discerned Miaki raising the trumpet-shell to his mouth to summon the people for attack. In response to the signal a host of howling savages rushed down the hill toward the house. There was no further use in remonstrance or resistance; the Christians must fly for their lives if they would escape that raging mob. Stealing out and locking the door upon their precious possessions, they crept into the bush and made their way to Nowar's village unobserved. But the chief Nowar was powerless to protect them from the mad fury of Miaki and his warriors, and begged them to go away before he and his people should be slain. As the peril increased, the old chief cried to Paton, "You cannot remain longer in my house. My son will guide you to the great chestnut tree in the bush. Climb up into it and remain there till the moon rises." There was nothing left but to obey this odd command, and, following his guide, he climbed the great tree and hid himself in

its branches, listening to the discharge of muskets and the yells of savage men not far away. "Yet," said Paton, "I sat there among the branches, safe in the arms of Jesus. Never, in all my sorrows, did my Lord draw nearer to me and speak more soothingly in my soul, than when the moonlight flickered among those chestnut leaves and the night air played on my throbbing brow, as I told all my heart to Jesus. Alone, yet not alone! If thus thrown back upon your own soul, alone, all, all alone, in the midnight, in the bush, in the very embrace of death itself, have you a Friend that will not fail you then?"

Long before morning Nowar's son returned to escort Paton to the shore and the canoe in which his one hope of safety lay. Over the white sandy bay and under lee of the island they paddled swiftly and safely, but, when they steered south toward the mission station on that side of the island, wind and waves broke in fury upon them. Paddling and bailing for dear life, they drifted at daybreak toward shore, to find themselves back in the identical spot they had left five hours before! By this time Nowar and his men were hiding in the bush and Miaki and his warriors were but half a mile away. Every means of escape seemed to be cut off and the trap ready to spring upon its helpless victims. At this juncture, Faimungo, chief of an inland tribe, came to take leave of the missionary with whom he had always been friendly, saying, "Farewell, Missi, I am going home. I don't wish to see the work and the murders of this morning." Moved by a sudden impulse Paton cried, "Faimungo, will you let us follow you? Will you show us the path?" Though

trembling with apprehension, the chief consented and the mad race for life began. It was a wild and awful flight, four groups of armed men crossing their path and threatening their lives, a killing-stone thrown so close that it grazed old Abraham's cheek, and another caught in the branches of a tree just above Paton's head! Through such terrors, preserved only by the hand of God from cruel death, the little company made its way at last to the mission house on the south shore of the island where they had a brief respite from pursuit.

But the rage of a savage chief is slow to abate, and to his latest hiding place Miaki tracked his prey, having first united all the chiefs of the island in a bond of blood to kill the missionary and everybody connected with him. On the last dreadful night Paton had fallen asleep from exhaustion, when the little retriever dog that had stuck to her master through every disaster sprang upon him and pulled his clothes to waken him. In the darkness gaunt figures could be seen prowling about the house. Suddenly a glare of light fell into the room. Men were passing the window with blazing torches in their hands. Then came a burst of flames not far away. The church was on fire and torches were being laid to the reed fence connecting church and dwelling. A few minutes more and the fire would race along that line of fence and reach the house! Then—death in the flames or at the hands of the dark beings lurking outside! Snatching a useless revolver in his left hand and an American tomahawk in his right, Paton rushed out the door, ran to the blazing fence and cut it from top to bottom, tearing

it up and flinging it back in the flames. In the eerie light of the fire he espied dark, shifting shadows on the ground behind him, and sprang back to find himself surrounded by seven or eight savages with clubs upraised to strike. "Kill him! Kill him!" they screamed in rage. With a prayer to God in his heart and the empty revolver pointed at them, Paton cried, "Dare to strike me, and my Jehovah God will punish you. We love you all and for doing you good you want to kill us. But our God is here now to protect us and to punish you." With yells of frenzy each provoked the other to strike the fatal blow. Only the power of God restrained them. "I stood invulnerable beneath His invisible shield," declared Paton triumphantly. At that very moment there came a rushing, roaring sound like prolonged thunder or a great tidal wave. It was the tornado, the terror of every island inhabitant. In fury it broke upon them, the high wind beating the flames away from the house, rapidly consuming the church, and the torrent of rain checking further spread of fire that night. The roar of the wind, the blackness of the sky, and the deluge of rain, together with the crackling flames, produced a scene so appalling that the savages lowered their weapons and exclaimed in awe, "That is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!" In panic they hastened away and disappeared in the bush. Going to the door of the house, Paton cried in a voice of awe and triumph, "Open and let me in. I am now all alone."

When morning broke, the howl of the savages was heard anew. Daylight had dispelled their terror of

the night and they were returning to their deadly work. Suddenly above the shrieks of the mob came a new, shrill cry. Was it a dream? Were senses so distraught by danger that they conjured up this ecstatic sound? No, louder and clearer it came as watchers on the beach passed on the thrilling cry, "Sail O! Sail O!" From his window Paton looked out to sea and there it was, no phantom sail, but a real and substantial ship steering straight toward shore. It was an English vessel sent from Aneityum to rescue the imperilled missionaries on Tanna.

There remains but one story more to be told here, out of that vast collection of stories which make up Paton's biography. For the other episodes in his long and eventful life the reader is referred to that engrossing volume aforementioned, *The Story of John G. Paton*. In the year 1886, after an absence of four years, Paton returned to the New Hebrides to open a mission on the island of Aniwa, adjoining Tanna. Several new missionaries accompanied him on the mission ship "Dayspring," which his efforts had secured. Sailing here and there among the islands, landing the missionaries at their different settlements, the natives beheld in amazement the return of the Christians to the scene of former persecution and bloodshed. "How is this?" they cried. "We slew or drove them all away! We plundered their houses and robbed them. Had we been so treated nothing would have made us return. But they come back with a beautiful new ship and with more and more missionaries. If their God makes them do all that, we may well worship Him too." And so one island after another, cannibal islands

among them, was prepared to welcome the missionary and the chiefs pledged their protection. Who will dare say that any race or nation, savage or civilized, is so hardened that it cannot respond to the manifestation of Christian love?

The island of Aniwa is a flat coral island with no hills to attract the clouds, and a consequent scarcity of rain. Without the delicious juice of the cocoanut, life would have been difficult to sustain on this dry and thirsty island, where no water was to be found. One day, surrounded by a crowd of incredulous natives, Paton began to dig down through sand and coral in search of water. "O Missi!" cried the old chief in remonstrance, "Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

"Fresh water does come upspringing from the earth in my land at home," answered Paton. "I hope to see it here also."

Then the old chief grew concerned and in sober voice replied, "Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something or you would not talk wild like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again." But Paton gathered up his tools, pick, spade and bucket, American axe to serve for hammer and crowbar, and set to work. In pity mingled with curiosity, the natives stood around and watched, while the old chief mourned and said, "Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad. There's no driving of a notion out of their heads."

ARMENIAN CHILDREN ON ROOF OF A MUD HOUSE

Fatigued by the tropical sun sooner than he expected, Paton beguiled the natives to help him by the promise of an English fish-hook to each man who brought up three buckets of earth from the hole. Fish-hooks disappeared all too quickly while the hole deepened all too slowly. At last twelve feet had been laboriously excavated when the next morning alas! one whole side had caved in. Then Paton set his wits to work and devised a pulley and block by which he and his helpers hoisted the bucket to the surface, emptied and lowered it. Day after day the slow toil went on, "my heart almost sinking with the sinking of the well." In these words Paton recalled the great occasion. "The phrase, 'living water,' 'living water,' kept chiming through my soul like music from God, as I dug and hammered away." When he reached a depth of thirty feet, earth and coral began to be suspiciously damp. Water must certainly be not far below. But would it be fresh or salt? That was the crucial question.

"Tomorrow," said Paton to the old chief, "tomorrow I think Jehovah God will give us water from that hole!"

"No, Missi," came the sorrowful reply, "you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. If you reach water you will drop through into the sea and sharks will eat you."

"Come tomorrow," answered Paton with suppressed excitement. At break of day he arose and descended the well. There in the centre he dug a narrow hole two feet deep, and in rushed a stream of water, muddy, to be sure, but water notwithstanding. With trembling hand he raised it to his lips and

tasted. "It was fresh! It was living water from Jehovah's well." He almost fell on his knees there on the muddy bottom of the well to thank the Lord for this great blessing.

As soon as the mud had settled a little he filled a jug with the precious fluid and ascended the ladder to the waiting people. In superstitious dread they gathered around, while the old chief shook the jug to see if its contents would spill, felt the liquid with his finger, and then cautiously tasted and swallowed it "Rain! Rain!" he shouted. "Yes, it is rain. But how did you get it?"

"Jehovah my God gave it out of His own earth in answer to our labors and prayers," replied Paton. "Go and see it springing up for yourselves."

Nimble and fearless as these people were in climbing the highest trees on the island, there was not one who dared venture alone to the edge of the well and gaze down into its depths. But they devised a way to meet the situation. Grasping each other by the hand, they formed a long line, allowing the man in front to peer down into the well and pass to the rear, and so on until each man had his turn. When they had all seen the rain in the earth, they were "weak with wonder" and the old chief made this solemn comment, "Wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God. The world is turned upside down since Jehovah came to Aniwa! Missi, what can we do to help you now?"

With a will the people fetched coral blocks from the shore and, under the missionary's direction, cut and squared them and placed each stone in position

until a solid wall was built, three feet thick, thirty-four feet deep, and eight feet wide at the top. With a flooring of wood, a windlass and bucket, and a fence to enclose it, Paton's well became the chief landmark of Aniwa, the pride of the people and their greatest material blessing.

On the Sunday following the completion of the well, the old chief Namakei preached a sermon to a great throng of listeners. With eyes flashing and hand flourishing a tomahawk to enforce his words, he spoke as follows:

"Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words! Who ever expected to see rain coming up through the earth? It has always come from the clouds. Wonderful is the work of this Jehovah God. No god of Aniwa ever answered prayer as the Missi's God has done. Something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. The coral has been removed, the land has been cleared away, and lo! the water rises. Invisible till this day, yet all the same it was there. So I, your chief, do now firmly believe that when I die, when the bits of coral and the heaps of dust are removed which now blind my old eyes, I shall then see the invisible Jehovah God with my soul, not less surely than I have seen the rain from the earth below. From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well, and who fills us with rain from below. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which

our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth, why should He not also send His Son from Heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah."

That afternoon and through the following weeks, chiefs and people came to the mission house loaded with idols of wood and stone, which they left in huge piles to be burned or cast into the deep sea. Sometimes with sobs and again with shouts of joy, they surrendered the gods which their fathers had worshipped and committed themselves to the service of the God whose name was often heard upon their lips, "Jehovah." Paton's well marked the beginning of a new social order for Aniwa, when the church bell called to worship on Sundays, and the *tavaka*, canoe-drum, summoned to school on week days not only the boys and girls, but all the inhabitants of every village. Toward sunset each day the *tavaka* was heard again, and under the banyan trees of their several villages the people met for evening prayers in the very places where once they had gathered for their cannibal feasts.

When Dr. Paton returned to England in his later years he was greeted half in jest, half in reverent earnestness, as the "King of the Cannibals." In the deepest sense the words were true. He had been the great-hearted friend and leader of the deluded, savage peoples of the New Hebrides, who, before the missionaries came, had never received a helping hand from the civilized world. Even the Tannese, who despised and rejected their first missionary, learned in after years to heed the message he had originally taught them. The adventurous, consecrated life of

John G. Paton brought a new world of interest and aspiration to this portion of the human family.

Along the moorland roads of Scotland the quieter life of James Paton, his beloved father, brought a like inspiration to hundreds of humble homes, for he, too, was a missionary though he never travelled far beyond his native village. In his character, as in his face, was that rare, apostolic beauty which made his oldest son exclaim with the passionate purpose which determined his life, "He walked with God, why may not I?"

CHAPTER IV.

The Hermit of the Himalayas

"I'll wait for His orders."

Mary Reed.

CHAPTER IV.

The Hermit of the Himalayas

There are boys who feel in their blood the call of the wild, the sea, or the frontier, and there are girls who feel stirring within them the impulse to do adventurous deeds in the difficult and dangerous places of earth. The boys go to sea as sailors or to remote regions to explore or settle, and sometimes both boys and girls choose the career of foreign missionary, with its novelty and adventure and high seriousness. Before the Student Volunteer Movement brought to students of the country the challenge of foreign lands, a girl in Ohio was moved by some compelling claim to give her life to India. She had heard of the narrow, jail-bird lives her sister women were forced to live, confined within the zenanas, or female quarters, of Hindu homes, with little or no occupation to relieve their monotonous days. Such a bored, pitiful existence thrust upon them by no fault of their own save that of being women! Their condition of arrested growth, brain at a standstill, body deprived of athletic development, awakened a responsive interest in the mind of Mary Reed as she taught the boys and girls of the American public school to think and play. What variety and scope her life afforded compared with the stunted women of India, most of them unable to read or write and branded unfit for instruction, no better than donkey or cow!

In 1884 Mary Reed received her appointment as missionary and was sent to Cawnpore on the Ganges, a city of evil memories in the history of British rule in India. There in 1857 occurred those dreadful scenes in connection with the Sepoy rebellion, when more than a hundred English women and children were betrayed and massacred and their bodies, dead and dying, thrown into a well fifty feet deep. To-day a white marble angel marks the site of the infamous deed, a token of penitence and promise of harmony between the alien races. Perhaps the white angel took human shape when Mary Reed found her life work in India.

After four years in Cawnpore and a year in a girls' boarding school in Gonda the new missionary was driven home to the United States in an effort to regain her health. In a bustling American city, far removed from the droning life of the Orient, Mary Reed met one of the most terrible tests which can possibly come to a human being. It was evident that some obscure, baffling disease was developing in her system, which doctors were unable to diagnose. In the light of a poignant memory she herself detected its nature. During her five years in India she had for a few weeks dwelt in the lofty regions of the Himalaya mountains, not far from a settlement of lepers. Stories of their pitiful, outcast condition haunted her mind, until by a flash of intuition she recognized not only the identity of her disease, but the reason for its appearance. By such a marked and singular preparation she was set apart for service among those homeless people, exiled from family and every inhabited zone of earth. Conceive what a dis-

BRIGANDS IN EASTERN TURKEY

A NATIVE CART

The Wheel is Made from a Solid Board and its Creak Can Be Heard a Long Way Off

covery like hers would mean! A person conscious of impending blindness or deafness struggles to meet life bravely under the changed conditions. But what a radical readjustment was Mary Reed's! A unique affliction, the burden of which no one could fully understand, and which must isolate her perpetually from family, friends, and healthy human kind!

In New York and later in London, famous specialists agreed upon the nature of her disease, but no one, herself or physician, was ever able to trace its origin. That was a permanent mystery. Acutely realizing her situation and the distress it would cause at home, she resolved to slip away without disclosing the fatal secret. "If you will let me go without a special good-by," she said, "as though I were returning tomorrow, it will be so much easier for me." Confiding in her sister Rena only, she left home for India, no word or look revealing the burden she bore upon her heart.

At Canterbury, England, the secret ordeal was renewed. There, in centuries past, leper pilgrims had crept to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, hoping to find health for their tortured bodies. Evidences of their pitiful presence were visible to this modern pilgrim who stood with a group of American tourists in the ancient church of St. Martin while the guide pointed out the "lepers' squint," so-called, a crevice in the heavy wall through which lepers were permitted to hear and see the service performed within. "Calmly Mary Reed stood there before us," wrote a friend who recalled the scene in the light of her later knowledge, "with a heavenly light in her eyes, not a muscle of her face betraying her heart's secret."

In this uplifted mood she went back to India, under conditions, as she herself said, "in which no other missionary ever returned."

Upon arrival she came to realize that her family must sooner or later be told the unwelcome news, or else be unduly perplexed, and so from Bombay she wrote home releasing Rena from the pledge of secrecy. "I shall have the joy of ministering," so the letter read, "to a class of people, who, but for the preparation which has been mine for this special work, would have no helper at all; and while I am called apart among these needy creatures, who hunger and thirst for salvation, and for comfort and cheer, He, who has called me and prepared me, promises me that He Himself will be to me as a little sanctuary where I am to abide, and, abiding in Him, I shall have a supply of all my need."

Mary Reed was chosen for a special phase of human ministry, a phase often overlooked or avoided by the world's benefactors, though so clearly emphasized by the Master Benefactor in His earthly life. Francis of Assisi recognized the lepers' claim upon his sympathy on the day when in an impulse of abhorrence he spurred his horse away from a leper on the highway, then repented and, turning about, leaped to the ground and touched the man's hand, giving him all the money his purse contained. Franciscan friars followed his lead and made lepers a special object of their ministry, visiting the many lazarettos existing in England and on the continent, and beginning the crusade which has largely expelled the disease from Europe. Today the Mission for Lepers is trying, by scientific methods, to exter-

minate the plague from the earth, especially from Asia, where most of the two million lepers of the world are congregated. In the Middle Ages in France, lepers were furnished with a uniform garb and a rattle to announce their approach; in Scotland they carried a bell or clapper and drew a cloth over their faces upon entering a town. In Palestine, in the time of our Lord, the cry "unclean" was forced upon their lips. The approved method today is to group them together in separate communities where with proper precautions, nurses, doctors, and other helpers may safely work among them.

Among the foothills of the Himalayas, overlooking a lovely valley called Shor, is located an asylum for the lepers of Eastern Kumaun, a district which, in proportion to its size, contains more lepers than any other district of India. In this same bracing region Mary Reed had once made a visit, and had carried away an unforgettable memory of the five hundred lepers hidden in the neighboring mountains. Seven years later she found herself back in the same glorious surroundings of mountain and valley, the superintendent of an institution established two years after her first visit, for the benefit of that outcast leper colony. From Pithora in the Shor valley she climbed up to Chandag Heights where her bungalow was being built, to meet for the first time the men, women, and children who were to be her future charge. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The crippled, disfigured people assembled while she told them briefly of the call she had received from God, and the seal of commission He had laid upon her. Touched by her story and the angelic light upon her face, her hearers

broke down and wept, understanding, as none others could, the peculiar suffering she must bear. Not long after this first meeting she went to live in the bungalow built upon the crest of a range, 6,400 feet above the sea. From her verandah she looked eastward into the Shor valley, a fertile land six square miles in extent, with many villages surrounded by trees and terraced fields of rice and wheat. A river with its tributaries twisted in and out the green valley, and across the centre stretched a band of low hills. On one of the central heights stood a group of buildings refreshing to the sight of the lonely American woman, for they belonged to the Methodist Mission with which she was then connected. From the rear of her house she looked down upon another valley of equal charm, while away to the north she caught a thrilling vision of the Upper Himalayas, the loftiest mountains in all the world, whose very name, in Sanskrit, means the abode of snow. The scene of her banishment could not be surpassed.

Seven more years passed and the sanitarium in the Himalayas had an interesting growth to record, thanks to the American superintendent. When Miss Reed went to Chandag in 1892, the lepers were housed in huts and stables and other impromptu quarters inadequate for their comfort. Her first move was to secure proper accommodations for the people whom she loved to call her "little ones" or more often "Christ's little ones." She purchased additional land, and in course of time built two good sized structures accommodating sixty men and boys, three smaller ones for women and girls, an isolation hospital for extreme cases with a dispensary attached

and a boundary wall to enclose the property. She explored the mountains for water supply, and in an out-of-the-way place discovered a spring of clear water, which skillful engineering connected with the asylum. With flower seeds sent from the United States she made the mountainside gay with blossoms. A fragrant heliotrope bush grew near her door and vines netted her porch with their green tendrils. A vegetable garden and small chicken farm eked out the food supply which was always uncertain in this famine zone of the world. Jackals and porcupines added their raids to the repeated threats of famine.

In her mountain settlement Miss Reed was housekeeper, head nurse, chaplain, secretary, and bookkeeper, all in one. With but two native assistants she looked after the diet and simple medical treatment of her patients, taught them to read, and held religious services, prayer groups, and Bible classes among them. For the health of their souls she was most deeply concerned. Out of their physical and mental misery she longed to help them find the "peace that passeth understanding," and many responded to her gentle solicitude. In five years' time, sixty-seven out of eighty-five had confessed their faith in Christ and received baptism. The old quarrels which once disturbed the calm of the mountains and summoned the superintendent many times a day to settle, had given way to happier relations with one another.

In addition to her work at Chandag, Miss Reed was district missionary for the Methodist Society and in that capacity supervised six village schools and three

Sunday-schools, directed a group of Biblewomen, and taught six pupils in their homes. Riding or walking she covered a circuit of forty miles. "She gets up as a rule in time to bid the stars farewell," wrote one who once spent a year at Chandag with Miss Reed. Sometimes her letters would be dated "Dawn of Day," and once in a letter to her sister Rena she apologized for her tardy awakening, confessing that she arose only one half hour before sunrise!

In 1898 Miss Reed was released from her connection with the Methodist Mission to give undivided service to the Mission for Lepers under whose auspices she had gone to Chandag. Increasing responsibility at the asylum and her own condition of health had made this step imperative. "I have some very trying sieges," she wrote in the year 1897, "though there is no cause for anxiety. I am *kept* through all—His love satisfieth." Later in the same year she acknowledged the inroads of disease: "My throat is becoming much affected by disease, and is often very painful, and I feel as if I could not talk and sing more than I do in my work among my own people. I am becoming a fellow-sufferer with many of them. . . . They are all praying much for me lately and dread to see me suffer."

For seven years Miss Reed had remained at her mountain abode, sometimes going as far as Pithora in the Shor valley or, at rare intervals, to the lonely station at Bhot where a friend lived and worked. But in 1899 she received a welcome summons to the outside world in the shape of an invitation to attend the annual conference of Methodist missionaries of North India. Packing her camp outfit she set forth

on the eight days' journey through her "world of mountains," until she reached Kathgodam at the base of the Himalayas, whence she travelled by rail to Lucknow, another outstanding name in the eventful history of British India. The welcome which greeted the hermit missionary was worthy a royal guest. But in her heart was simple thankfulness that she could once more reënter the world's busy life in company with her fellow workers. When the presiding bishop asked her to address the assembly she stood before that great audience and modestly said, "Ham git gàwen," Let us sing. All present joined in the Hindustani translation of the ancient hymn,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

There was an unescapable sense of loneliness involved in this return to city life, for some people could not avoid shrinking from association with one who was known to have contracted the most dreaded disease on earth, though signs of its presence were scarcely apparent. With fine regard for the feelings of others, Miss Reed contrived to spare them anxiety. But her very presence at Lucknow was proof of the arrested condition of the disease which, in her faith and philosophy, she attributed to the "divine health" continually received. For some years she had refrained from all medicines for herself though using them freely for others, reasoning that she had received the affliction from God and would leave it in God's hand. Outward traces of disease disappeared so completely that physicians pronounced her practically cured, though she herself was at times con-

scious of its presence in her system. "I know I have divine health given in answer to prayer," she wrote, "the prayer of a multitude of hearts, and that's enough for me." For thirty years Mary Reed, herself a leper, has worked twelve to fourteen hours a day in the asylum at Chandag, and in the year 1920 was told by friends that she "never looked so well in her life."

There were compensations in Miss Reed's exile which she herself would be the first to acknowledge. There was the wonder of her mountain environment, "my lofty and lovely retreat," as she described it; and there was the gratitude of an outcast, afflicted people. In the leper's lot the hardest blow falls when families have to separate. At Chandag there was a father with his two children and a niece. From the niece, who was the first to be infected, contagion had spread to the father, the boy and girl in succession. One by one they had been removed from normal surroundings to the isolation of the asylum. It was a sorry day for Rupwa when he had to leave the boys' school with its interesting activities to go into the leper's banishment. And when Dipah, the girl, showed symptoms of infection her mother cried in despair, "They have all got it now and are all at the asylum; I must go there, too, I cannot remain here alone." With difficulty was she persuaded to safeguard her health and abide where she was. It is a frequent occurrence to find fathers and mothers in quarantine while their children escape contagion and are cared for by missionaries, often in homes founded especially for their benefit. For a mother to give up the care of her own child is always a tragedy, and

ARMENIAN REFUGEES
They Have Been Robbed by Kurds and Are Hoping for a Bit of Bread

to have the little one brought on visits to the asylum and be able only to speak to him from a safe distance, never to touch or fondle him, is to renew and sharpen the hurt. But the consolation comes in the assurance that the child will escape the pain and disfigurement the parents have to bear.

Into the broken, bereaved lives of Hindu lepers Mary Reed has brought physical relief and the mental comfort of her sympathy and unique understanding. To the "little ones" of her flock she has been a gentle shepherd, leading them to rest their bruised, aching lives in the Infinite Compassion she has tested for herself and revealed to others. The little girl, Dipah, bearing her terrible sufferings with patient submission; Gauri Datt, a young high-caste Brahmin, reading the Bible with eagerness; Kaliyani, a young woman, thanking God that He had brought this disease upon her, as it had been the means of leading her to Christ; Chandra, an older woman, conquering her habits of selfishness so completely that she could be trusted with the oversight of other inmates; Har Singh, who had been a leper since he was six years old, becoming so well versed in the new religion that he was able at seventeen to teach classes of men and boys; these are typical results of Miss Reed's ministry at Chandag.

In every leper institution the benefits reach far beyond the community directly affected. In one province in India whole villages discarded their idols and accepted the Christian religion. This remarkable change was traced to the influence of a leper home in the vicinity. According to Hindu belief, the man who contracted leprosy was cursed of the

gods; in a previous existence he had committed some terrible sin for which he was now being punished; consequently harsh treatment was in keeping with the will of the gods. A century ago a leper could be stoned, burned, or buried alive, until the decree of the British government abolished both widow and leper burning. Leprosy was the utmost calamity to befall a man. Hence for a religion to answer its call was to prove that religion genuine. Wherever the Mission for Lepers seeks to relieve the social waste and personal misery of leprosy, as in its model villages at Purulia, India, and Chiengmai, Siam, or at Chandag in the Himalayas, it is a certain agency for promoting "goodwill among men." "Uncle Sam's Leper Colony" in the Philippine Islands counts as one of the forward movements for securing race harmony. For a strong nation to help a weaker in combating a national peril like leprosy, is to exceed political treaties in establishing friendly relations.

This practical phase of world reconstruction could be developed much more rapidly if churches and governments were alive to its necessity. In India there are said to be more than one hundred thousand lepers, but the Mission for Lepers provides for seven thousand only. It has ninety-two centres of relief in a world where two million lepers are estimated to exist. By the scientific methods of quarantine employed in the Philippines and other leper colonies, it has been proved that the spread of leprosy can be quickly controlled. It could be reduced one-half in ten years and utterly wiped out in a few years more. With such definite results assured, it should be the immediate task of governments and

churches to destroy this menace to society.

Meantime at Chandag Heights Mary Reed is at this present time superintending one of the finest leper institutions in the world. She now occupies a new bungalow, "Sunny Crest Cottage," built to replace the original house which was damaged by earthquake. With its casement windows, cement walls, and tiled roof, and its lofty location, it resembles a Colorado bungalow in the Rockies. In the year 1902 Miss Reed had a happy respite from exile in a journey to the Holy Land, with its unique appeal to her interest. But in 1906 came the outstanding event of her later life for in that year she travelled home to America and spent a month with her aged mother, brothers, and sisters. That home-coming after fifteen years of enforced absence counts among the rare experiences which come to mortals sometimes when they have abandoned hope of their realization.

Always it has been difficult to persuade Miss Reed to talk or write about herself. Her peculiar reticence could not often be surmounted by family or friends. To her sister Rena she once wrote, "You dear home folks well know how much I dislike writing of the two handsful of precious work entrusted to me." To any would-be biographer she gives the caution, "Let no word of praise be said of Mary Reed." But we who write or read her life will perforce record in our memories the fact that an American woman spent more than thirty years in the Himalaya mountains among the outcasts of an alien race, trusting her God to supply strength for the daily need.

CHAPTER V.

THE VETERAN OF VAN

"If you can meet with Triumph and
Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the
same;
Or watch the things you gave your life
to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up again with
worn-out tools—"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER V.

THE VETERAN OF VAN

IF YOU could choose the scene for a modern tale of adventure, what would it be? The fabulous old walled China of Kubla Khan, the perfumed palaces of *Arabian Nights*, Robinson Crusoe's island, the open sea and the ship of *Kidnapped*, or the prairies of the United States where Cooper roams with his Indian braves? Which? Or, knowing these so well, would you prefer a region not often described by story writers, seldom visited by tourists, a region of wild scenery, wild tribes, and dangerous routes of travel, the eastern frontier of Turkey near the borders of Russia and Persia? If you should leave the steamer at Beirut, Syria, travel four days on a slow train to Mardin, Turkey, ride eight days on horseback you would come to the famous old stronghold of the Kûrds, the city of Bitlis, and ten miles beyond you would stand on the shore of a huge lake, 5,500 feet above the sea, the blue salt lake of Van. High mountains girdle the lake, some being extinct volcanoes, like Nimroud Dagh on the northern shore with its crater five miles in diameter. Riding along the southern shore, you would travel eighty miles, shadowed all the way by great mountains where the snows of one winter linger to merge with the snows of the next. Kûrdish tribes, the fiercest of all the mountain races, infest these passes and threaten traveller and settler alike.

Along this amazing route you come at length to a perpendicular ledge of rock, three hundred feet high and three-quarters of a mile long, on the crest of which stands a time-worn castle and minaret, and at whose base crouches an old, walled city. It is the ancient city of Van, built, so the legend runs, by the queen Semiramis, as a summer resort for her Babylonian subjects. Cuneiform inscriptions on the city wall and an inscription of Xerxes on the south side of the castle, establish the city's claim to antiquity. In the course of centuries Van became the seat of the kingdom of Armenia, where its leading bishops, kings, and queens lived and died, their tombs remaining unto this day.

Into the walled city of Van, with its narrow streets and mud houses, its bazaars and mosques, there came one day in the year 1871 two young men from America. Their presence excited no little attention as they rode their horses along the stone paved street and stopped in front of the khan, or inn, where they secured lodging. The next day when they appeared on the street, a crowd of boys followed at their heels crying, "Prot, Prot," a nickname for Protestant and a term of derision in that part of the world. The following Sunday a service was held at the khan, which proceeded quietly enough until a Turkish teacher, a venerable man with long, white beard, entered the room, took up a Turkish book and began to read aloud to his followers. This mark of disrespect acted like a signal to the crowd outside who began throwing sticks and rubbish into the room. The disturbance grew until a Turkish colonel chanced to pass, inquired the cause of the tumult,

examined the passports of the strangers, and left soldiers on guard. Such was the character of the first Protestant service in Van.

At the afternoon meeting, events, though not so spectacular, were fully as interesting. Thirty leading men among the Armenians came of their own accord to discuss religion with the Protestants. A live discussion was going on when a priest and *vartabed* (teacher) of the Gregorian church appeared and announced a message from their superiors. If the foreigners had come as guests for a few days and would keep silent, well and good; but, if they attempted to speak to the people they would be required to leave. "We are not guests," answered the Americans, "for we are in our own hired room; we have not come to remain now, but next spring we shall come with our families to stay. As to keeping still, God has given us mouths to speak with and we *shall* not keep them shut and you *cannot*. We have no fear. We have firmans from the Sultan and commands from the King of kings; why should we fear you?" Upon this unexpected retort, priest and *vartabed* turned and went away, crestfallen to discover they could not frighten the newcomers into submission.

This August Sunday in 1871 marked the first attempt of Dr. George C. Raynolds of Chicago, accompanied by Mr. Wheeler of Harpoot, Turkey, to open a Protestant mission in Van, with its Mohammedan mosques and Gregorian churches, and its medley of races, Jews, Turks, Armenians, and the lawless Kûrdish tribes. It was a beginning both favorable and foreboding. Old and young, friends,

foes, princes, peasants had come voluntarily to attend service while at the same time the Gregorian church had stretched out its hostile hand. Its hostility was something to be dreaded as well as expected, for it was the national church of Armenia, the oldest national church in existence. According to tradition, Christianity was first preached in Armenia by Thaddeus, one of the twelve disciples; at the end of the third century it spread through the kingdom and became the national religion under its first bishop, Saint Gregory, for whom the church was named. Despite its inspiring origin and early history the Gregorian church lost its power and shrivelled into dead formulas and ceremonies. Its services were conducted in a classical language which only the learned understood, and there was no Bible in the spoken tongue of the people. In Van as in every Turkish city there was room for a living church to make Christ real to His people who had missed the way.

A year and a half after the first prospecting tour in Van, Dr. Raynolds came with his wife and two other missionary families to make the city their permanent home. They secured a house in the "Gardens," or residential section, which extended four or five miles on two sides of the city, and from which business men went every day into the walled town, quite in the manner of American commuters. George Raynolds was at this time a young man in the early thirties who had received a double training for his missionary career, having studied both theology and medicine, after taking his B. A. at Williams. He had been pastor of a church and he had been a practicing physi-

LOTUS PARK, PAOTINGFU

cian in Chicago as well as surgeon in the United States navy. Mrs. Raynolds, whose maiden name was Martha Tinker, was a Mt. Holyoke graduate who had afterwards taught in a seminary in Chicago where it was she met the young physician whom she married and accompanied to Turkey. Under the poplar trees in the "Gardens" of Van, the husband and wife, with their traditions of New England, New York, and Chicago tried to adapt life to the puzzling customs of Eastern Turkey. Their first move was a bold one. On the very next Sunday after their arrival they held two meetings in their home, thereby disclosing at once the object of their coming. The statement sounds prosaic, but the fact was dramatic. Publicly to proclaim your views in a foreign city where scarcely a person believes as you do is no mean test of courage. Though it was an unpopular cause they preached, those first services were attended by no less than fifty in the forenoon and seventy-five in the afternoon. Exactly one week from the day she arrived in Van, Mrs. Raynolds opened rooms for a women's meeting, at the third session of which, thirty were present. The ice seemed to be quickly broken in this alien community, though for a long time the opening was not very wide.

Before many months passed Dr. Raynolds began his preaching tours in the mountain regions surrounding Van. Adventure always attended these excursions abroad: in the winter, deep snows and blinding storms; at all seasons, rough, steep roads and dread of the Kûrdish tribes whose ravages were all too often seen. The exciting event of each day was the search for a night's lodging found, perhaps, in a

stable from which a herd of donkeys had just been turned out, or in a cavern so large that horses and men could both find shelter. Usually the missionaries met with no hostile reception in these mountain villages, though occasionally old prejudices against foreigners and Protestants broke their bounds. One Sunday Dr. Raynolds walked over to Avants, the lake harbor of Van, to conduct service. As he went along the village street, which was twenty feet in width, women upon the low roofs began to throw stones and brickbats, hurling them so fast that it took artful dodging to escape. Running the gauntlet of these missiles, Dr. Raynolds found shelter in the house of Harootune, the Protestant, but scarcely had he disappeared inside before boys scrambled to the roof and commenced flinging sticks through the opening that served for window. In company with Harootune he ventured again into the street and started in search of the village headman. Instantly a mob of men and boys surrounded him, and for the entire length of the village street, nearly three-quarters of a mile, he was pursued by fully a hundred boys who shouted and jeered and flung cakes of ice and stones. From the housetops children added their volley of dirt and garbage. It was a moving picture scene of rapid and dramatic action. One lone foreigner pursued by a whole village of angry people! At last he reached the headman's house and was admitted while that official made a show of punishing the offenders. The following day complaint was made to the pasha, who summoned the chief men of the village, demanded reason for the uproar, and

exacted a pledge that such conduct should not be repeated.

In the city of Van violent outbreaks became less frequent, though Gregorian priests denounced the missionaries, telling the people they would be cursed if they attended the Protestant service. In spite of priestly opposition, interest increased and in four years' time a little church was formed with a membership of ten, a promise of that larger church to follow. Boys and young men were among the first to respond to the virile message of the missionaries. Taveet (David) and Essahag (Isaac) were two Armenian boys who braved their parents' wrath and came often to the chapel service. The enraged father of one of the boys called a neighborhood tribunal before which the lads were summoned and required to answer for their conduct. But this ordeal did not deaden their interest. As further penalty, malicious neighbors cut off the water supply from Essahag's garden, but still he refused to yield. Markar, the little brother of David, came under the influence of the missionaries, and, because of the truths he had learned, chose a whipping rather than work on Sunday. The two boys were forbidden to go to chapel or to read the Protestant books. Upon receiving the latter command, Taveet flung back the reply, "Their books are good and I must read them. If there is not room in your house for those books, there is not room for me." It so happened that Taveet was a capable lad whose earnings the father could not afford to lose, so he ceased to press the demand about the books, though sternly insisting they should not enter the chapel again. Later on

the two boys decided they must disobey their father's command and follow their conscience which led them straight to the Protestant chapel. To their surprise their father followed them there and sat meekly through the service. After that day his opposition gradually broke down before the determined interest of his boys. There were many other young men and boys in those early years who felt the appeal of Dr. Raynolds' manly life, and forsook their former associations, sometimes their homes and friends, to follow the Master he taught them to love.

In the midst of these increasing labors, church, boys' school, village touring, Dr. Raynolds met with an adventure which nearly cut short his promising career. In the month of May, 1883, he was returning from a meeting in the distant village of Havadoric, accompanied by Mr. Knapp of Bitlis. It was not a lonely mountain region over which their route lay, but a well-travelled road across the Moosh plain. For this road and this season of the year, no guard was thought necessary, and the two Americans set out for the fifty-mile ride with only their four attendants. Spending the first night in a Kûrdish village, they mounted their horses and started along the road some thirty minutes ahead of their escort. Around a bend in the road, which made for a few rods a secluded stretch, they came upon three Kûrds, one of whom was singing a loud, weird song. Dr. Raynolds had already dismounted to lead his horse down hill, when, to his amazement, the roisterous Kûrd ceased his song, walked boldly towards him, and without a word began beating him over the head with a drawn sword. Furiously the blows fell until six

ugly gashes on head and face were streaming blood. To defend himself, instinctively he raised his hands, and hands, head, and face became torn and bloody. At the same time another Kûrd had assaulted Mr. Knapp, beating him on the head with a club, forcing him off his horse and pulling him by his beard along the road. Both victims were dragged into the bushes and there searched for valuables, being nearly choked to death in the process. Bandages were then tied over their eyes, their hands tied behind them and their feet together, and there they were left for an uncertain deliverance. Motionless and still they lay until the brigands had passed out of hearing, when by desperate efforts they untied the knots that bound them. Presently voices were heard on the highway, but they dared neither move nor call lest their assailants had returned. The speakers were in fact their own belated attendants who went on to the next village and not finding the Americans returned to search. Upon discovering their plight they set up a loud wail of horror. "And indeed I must have presented a study for a painter," remarked Dr. Raynolds in relating the experience, "my head, face, and hands were rudely swathed in bloody clothes; every visible inch of skin on face or hands was stained, while beard and tattered coat and shirt were already stiffened with blood." Under a shed in the presence of a noisy crowd of Kûrds, Dr. Raynolds dressed the wounds of his companion, then, with a small mirror, his pocket surgical case, and the help of one of his men, he sewed up his own wounds, including that deep, vicious gash on the top and back of his head. Their wounds dressed and bandaged, the two men mounted

their horses and rode eight hours until they came to Mr. Knapp's house in Bitlis. The sequel to this tale remains to be told in a subsequent paragraph.

It was fortunate that the Kûrds did not slash Dr. Raynolds to death that May morning on the Moosh plain, for the greatest deeds of his life were yet to be done. Into his career all the big catastrophes of earth seem to have been crowded—war, famine, pestilence, and massacre. There was the Russo-Turkish war in '77 with the years of famine that followed. There was a raging epidemic of cholera in '93 when the doctor missionary did such splendid service that Gregorian priests forgot their old enmity and invited him to lecture in their church upon cholera prevention and treatment. In '95 and '96 came the first Armenian massacre, a fury of bloodshed which one shudders even to think of, but which some missionaries in Turkey have twice had to experience, for the crime was repeated in 1915. For months shops were closed and people went stealthily about in hourly dread of loot, fire, or sword. In a home letter Mrs. Raynolds described the prolonged suspense: "Every morning I have dressed so as to be ready for flight or for wandering around in the cold, and at night have made everything ready to dress hastily in case of an attack." In the poverty and distress which attended the general panic, the missionaries came at once to the rescue and, by their system of food distribution and industrial relief, gave aid to more than fifteen thousand people. Four great ovens were in operation using fifty bushels of wheat daily and industries were started which employed more than a thousand workers. In this emergency the people

discovered how much they owed to the little group of foreigners who had come to live in Van for no gain unto themselves, but simply to help their brothers of another race. It was a striking expression of the Gospel they taught. "Nothing can hurt you," the people cried when danger threatened, "the prayers of thousands of poor people make you invulnerable."

Out of the massacre grew an enterprise which was perhaps the most remarkable work performed by the Van missionaries, the care and training of Armenian orphans whose parents were killed by the Turks. It was a statesmanlike plan as Dr. and Mrs. Raynolds conceived and worked it out. In the year 1900 a visitor came over the border from Persia, an American resident who sent home to the United States an account of the work at Van. "It has been a great privilege," he wrote, "to see the wonderful work which is being carried on here by these two giants, Dr. Raynolds and his wife. Think of a man as at once station treasurer, distributing relief all over the plain, and keeping the accounts involved, sending the reports that are required, keeping up preaching services in two places, four miles apart, superintending the care of five hundred orphans and four hundred day pupils, the five hundred not only cared for physically, but taught and so utilized as in part to pay their own expenses. For example, there are trades taught, and half the day is given to trades and half to study. All the cloth used is woven by the children in the looms on the place, the skins of the oxen and sheep eaten are cured and boys make them up into shoes of three grades. Carpentering and blacksmithing are also done. All the food needed is pre-

pared on the place, thus training up another corps as bakers and cooks. So you have every day, being taught how to live useful Christian lives, more than five hundred children. Alone, without associates, Dr. and Mrs. Raynolds have carried all these burdens until it is a wonder they have not broken down."

If we could procure the graduate record of these Van orphans we should not only read some stirring tales, but we should perceive how far the influence of one man has reached. There would be stories of Gregorian villages transformed in character by the presence of the Christian teacher, a former Van student. Here and there would be found honor students who went to European and American universities for further study. And in the United States at the present time we should discover former Van orphans, one a pastor of a Presbyterian church in California, and several studying to become doctors, nurses, engineers in preparation for the day when they shall be able to return to their own people. Some few are left in Turkey, and some, alas, the orphans of one massacre have become the victims of the next.

In 1904, twenty-one years after the encounter with brigands already described, an event took place directly connected with that historic episode. One day several boxes of peculiar shape and size arrived in Van, creating quite a stir among city officials because of their mysterious appearance. A plot against the government was suspected and officials and people watched narrowly when the boxes were opened and their contents disclosed. You couldn't guess what those great boxes contained. American ma-

THE "WEST POINT" OF CHINA
A Group of Christian Students in the Military School at Paotingfu

chinery for a Turkish windmill! Hitherto the water supply for the mission had come through clay pipes, a wholly inadequate system, especially since the growth of the orphanages. Dr. Raynolds set his mind upon a windmill and pump, the windmill to be large enough to do other work as well. The tower, which was built in Van, was a huge affair, seventy-five feet high with posts and braces made of green poplar, three times as heavy as the timber used for a similar purpose at home. Of necessity it had to be framed together on the ground, then hoisted into position. With the crude apparatus the missionaries possessed, it was a difficult and dangerous job. With a pair of three-wheel pulley blocks, steel ropes and a tripod built above the small end, the tower was lifted as far as the tripod would permit. Then came the tug of war. From that angle it must be raised into upright position by means of levers followed by supports. The difficulty and risk were great. Four days they worked, and, when at last the tower sank slowly and surely into place, a great shout went up from the crowd of spectators. After the applause subsided, the Doxology was sung and from a low roof near by Dr. Raynolds offered a prayer of thanksgiving and dedication. It was an impressive and triumphant scene. For men who had no training as engineers to study out how the complicated machinery of such a geared mill should be set up, and to direct the work so that no damage or accident befell, was proof of uncommon ingenuity. But the climax of the tale is this: the money with which Dr. Raynolds bought the windmill was part of the indemnity paid by the Turkish government for the assault made

upon him by Kûrds when he so nearly lost his life. That recompense money was not spent for his own comfort, but for the benefit of the Turkish city in which he dwelt!

The same year the windmill came to Van, a new church was finished and dedicated, the remainder ot the indemnity fund being used in its construction. Smilingly, the Armenians would point to their fine large church and say, "The Turks built that for us!" There were now seven hundred members of the Protestant church, with a congregation which averaged nearly six hundred. The boys' school increased its enrolment until it reached about five hundred, while in the girls' school that number was exceeded. Student government was tried with the boys with great success. A hospital was built which cared for hundreds of patients, while beyond the city limits schools were established in eighteen villages. And at last, in 1913, the dream of Dr. Raynolds' life seemed about to come true, for in that year he came to the United States to raise money for a *college in Van*, a genuine college of high academic standing to draw its students from the young men of Eastern Turkey, Persia, and the Russian Caucasus. What an amazing record is this! To start with a hired room in a Turkish khan and in forty years to have acquired a church, hospital, windmill, school buildings, dwelling houses, and a college in prospect!

In August, 1914, Dr. Raynolds had obtained his funds for Van College and was ready to sail for Turkey when—but all the world knows what happened in *August, 1914!* Routes of travel were blocked, Turkey became an ally of Germany and Austria, and

there was no way of return for the exiled missionary with his great plans and his homesick longing for the house in the "Gardens" of Van where he and his wife had lived for more than forty years. It was an anxious winter he spent in the United States, cut off by mines, submarines, and battlefronts from his wife and his dearest interests on earth. Letters were censored and brought only tantalizing hints of real conditions in Van. At last, in July, 1915, came the startling message from Mrs. Raynolds, "You cannot come too soon." Finding a new route via Christiania and Petrograd, he set out at once for Van. All went well until he reached Petrograd when he heard that some catastrophe had happened at Van and the missionaries had fled to Tiflis. His wife, his associates, his life-time work! What had become of them all? With anxiety sharpened by every hour of travel he went on his way to Tiflis to find a little group of outcast missionaries mourning the loss of the eldest among them, the one who had been a mother to them all as well as to hundreds of Armenian orphans. Upon Dr. Raynolds the blow fell most heavily, for she who had died but two days before his arrival was his very own wife, his companion of nearly fifty years. He could look once more upon the dear, familiar face, but he was too late to hear her voice or to press her hand in mute understanding. By just two days he had missed that precious privilege.

In those grief-stricken hours he heard for the first time the story of the siege of Van, how for twenty-eight days twelve hundred Armenians, armed with only three hundred rifles and a scant supply of gunpowder and bullets, held out against five thousand

Turks with cannon and no end of ammunition; how six thousand Armenian refugees crowded into the American compound, bringing all kinds of problems, housing, sanitation, food supply, medical treatment; how for two days the mission property was bombarded and every building damaged; and how, when defeat was hourly expected, the Turkish army fled, the Russians captured the city, and the siege of Van was lifted. Such was the first turn of events in the military history of Van. Under Russian government many Armenians ventured out of hiding and went back to their homes, while a thousand Turkish women and children took their places in the American mission. With them came the typhus germs which did such unlimited havoc, prostrating five of the missionaries on almost the same day and throwing upon Mrs. Raynolds, that worn, indomitable body, the entire management of the mission. One of the missionaries died and, before the other four recovered, the Russian army was retreating and the Turkish army advancing in greater numbers upon the city. There was a wild, mad flight of Russians, Armenians, and Americans toward the Russian frontier. The barest necessities were collected and piled into carts, upon the top of which two of the sick people were fastened. In rude conveyances provided by the Russian Red Cross the other two patients were carried, while Mrs. Raynolds drove a cart packed with children and baggage. Three days distant from Van the terror descended. On the mountain sides were stationed Turkish soldiers who began firing upon the helpless procession in the road below. Their only hope was a mad dash for safety, and so for

three hours people ran and horses galloped through that terrifying rain of bullets. As a pitiful climax to her experience, Mrs. Raynolds jumped from the wagon to adjust the harness, fell and broke her leg. Russian surgeons set the broken bone and placed her in an ambulance for the rest of the way. In excruciating pain she jolted for three days over those stony roads without a word or sign of complaint, but at the journey's end the limit of endurance was reached and in a hospital at Tiflis she died. Such were the events that had happened during Dr. Raynolds' absence. His wife dead, his fellow missionaries in flight, and his work of forty years "shattered to bits," buildings destroyed and people scattered and killed!

With unbroken courage Dr. Raynolds returned to America and there performed perhaps the most arduous and appealing labor of all his life. Hither and thither he went telling the story of Van to audiences who were strangely quiet under the power of his message and his spirit. Many who heard his unfaltering voice and saw upon his face the light that was not of this world felt a benediction fall upon them and knew that they were in the presence of an apostle of our Lord, as genuine an apostle as Peter or John.

The following year when the American Relief Committee opened work in the Transcaucasus, Dr. Raynolds was among the first to volunteer for service among the thousands of Armenians congregated there. At the age of seventy-seven he again crossed the ocean and took the long trip overland to Erivan, Russia. There a thrilling reunion took place with a

group of Van people who had escaped massacre. "Joy and sorrow mingled in every heart," said Dr. Raynolds, "for in every household were great gaps." At Erivan he found children of his former orphans at Van, orphans of orphans, and he thanked the Lord that He had given him twenty years of orphanage work to prepare him for this task of his old age. He had already opened his "own pet institution," an orphanage for boys who for months had run wild in the mountains, when in March, 1918, came a "bolt from the blue," as he described it, an order from the American Consul to drop everything, come at once to Tiflis, and prepare to leave Russia as speedily as possible. There was nothing to do but obey and go reluctantly away after a heart-breaking scene with his beloved boys.

From Tiflis, the missionary, twice exiled, travelled via China to California where, fittingly, he spent his last days making a home for four Van orphans who were studying in California University. There, in Berkeley, in February, 1920, he died, in the eighty-first year of his life and the fifty-first of his missionary service.

Among the many expressions of affection received after his death came this tribute signed on behalf of the Armenian natives of Van in St. Louis:—"We are exceedingly sorry to learn that Dr. Raynolds, the beloved father of the Armenians in Van, has passed away. We express our deepest gratitude to the American Board for the precious service of this sainted missionary for the Armenians. In the history of Van, Dr. Raynolds will figure conspicuously as a Christian gentleman who exercised a far-reaching

influence on its destiny. The life he lived among us spoke loudly for the divine power of the Gospel he preached."

"There can be neither Jew nor Greek, Armenian nor American,—for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER VI.

SERVICE STARS

> *"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."*
>
> JOHN 15:13.

CHAPTER VI.

Service Stars

There are many people who go through life asleep, though their eyes remain wide open. And there are others who drowse along until some voice stirs them into wakefulness. It is a sad pity to go through life asleep or but half awake, trudging along at the same old pace and over the same old road every one else goes, measuring your steps by the average gait of men. How much better to wake up, rub the dimness out of your eyes, and take notice that the usual pace is too slow or too irregular, and the usual road already worn with travel; to see that a new rate of speed and new routes are needed and that you perhaps may be the scout to set the pace and blaze the trail for others to follow! Blest will you be if sometime an awakening voice calls to your drowsy spirit and summons you forth into service,—the service of the new day for God and all mankind.

There is a great and ancient nation whose long sleep has been broken by the sound of a foreign voice, the old walled China that dozed behind her barred gates for hundreds of years until Europeans and Americans came and "stabbed her spirit broad awake." At first she stirred but slowly, reluctant to break the drowsy spell of centuries, but at last she sprang up and marched off at such a speed and along such an adventurous road that Western feet could hardly keep pace. It was a foreign voice that first

roused China out of sleep, but now her own citizens are awake, her students in the universities and her men in public life, and they are leading the nation along new and surprising roads of progress. Among the foremost leaders of the new China stands a man of matchless reputation, a man of daring, foresight, and patriotism, a man of expert ability in his chosen work; an outstanding Christian man, probably the greatest Christian leader in all China to-day. Who is he, this fearless Chinese Christian who draws men by the hundred to the God in whom he believes? A preacher? No. A teacher or doctor? No. A carpenter or fisherman as were Jesus and His disciples? No. The great Christian leader of China to-day is neither preacher nor teacher, but a soldier, an officer in the federal army, General Feng Yu Hsiang, commonly known as General Feng. Of an American general it was once said, "He is a very good Christian, but a very poor general." Of General Feng such a comment could not be made, for his brigade is one of the star brigades of the army, noted far and wide for its discipline and efficiency.

Once in the boyhood of this man the summoning voice was heard and the one who brought the challenge little dreamed of the far-reaching work she did that day. When a young man of eighteen, Feng Yu Hsiang was a private in the imperial army, at that disturbed period in Chinese history when the Empress Dowager snatched the reins of government from the young emperor, Kuang Hsü, betook herself to the imperial palace within the Forbidden City of Peking, and deliberately let loose the furious forces of hatred against the foreigners. For months a band

of outlaws, known as Boxers, had been practicing their weird rites, with charms and incantations, spasms and trances, preparing for the day when they could vent their spite upon all foreign people in China, missionaries, diplomats, traders, tourists. Supported by the Empress and imperial troops, these Boxers opened fire upon the foreigners in Peking and for nearly two months held them in siege within the British Legation, firing shot and shell upon them until that historic day in August, 1900, when the allied armies of England, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States marched into Peking and routed in dismay Boxers and imperial troops of China. In the province of Chihli, in the walled city of Paotingfu three groups of American missionaries were caught in the hostile plot and no allied armies marched to their relief. When the Boxers began their attack, the city magistrate sent a guard of soldiers to the American Board compound under pretense of procecting the foreigners. In point of fact the guard had secret orders not to interfere, simply to observe what happened and return with the report that the mob was too strong for their intervention.

In that band of soldiers was Feng Yu Hsiang, the boy of eighteen whose family had drifted north to Paotingfu after floods had swept away their home and belongings in Anhwei province. He was a boy naturally quick and observant, with a glimmer of mischief in his eyes and a laughing contempt of missionaries at the back of his brain. It was his particular sport to pester and tease them on every possible occasion. One day he was going along a street where a missionary was preaching from the Sermon on the

Mount, exhorting his hearers to turn the other cheek, and to offer their cloaks, should their coats be taken away. "I didn't like that doctrine," said the critical young soldier, "so to test it I shouldered the missionary's table and started off with it, but the missionary did not practise what he preached, and clung to the table until I had to let him have it." But on this June day in 1900 the Chinese soldier received a different impression of missionaries and the religion they came to teach.

The Boxers had surrounded the mission compound and were trying to scale the wall and batter down the solid wooden gate. Around the gate the attack was fiercest and at this point of vantage were stationed the soldiers sent to guard the property. There they stood, a band of passive sentinels, and in the midst, the alert young private, Feng. The fury increased, swords and knives slashed at the gate, yells and shrieks tore the air; when, at the highest pitch of frenzy, the gate swung slowly open and an American girl walked out alone and faced the mob. It was a dramatic moment. Hordes of frantic Chinese, with swords and knives and streaming red banners, and standing calmly before them, an easy victim for their rage, this frail, unprotected American girl! Astonished at her appearance the Boxers became strangely quiet and listened to what she had to say. It was on this wise she spoke: "Why do you seek to kill us? You must know we are your friends, that we have come here solely to do you good. All these years we have lived among you we have visited in your homes, we have taught your children in our schools, we have saved the lives of many of your sick

in our hospital. We have only love for you in our hearts. And you have death in your hearts for us. I beg you to go away and spare the lives of us missionaries and the Chinese Christians who are with us." There was a breathless silence as she ceased speaking and waited for a reply. But no reply was given and she went on to make her last appeal: "If you will not spare the lives of my companions, then, I entreat you, take my life in their stead. I offer myself to you now. I am only a woman, defenceless in your hands. Take me if you will, but save, oh save, the others." The mob had now become intensely quiet, even solemn, and one by one, or in groups of two and three, they went stealthily away, leaving the compound deserted and safe.

At his post of observation stood Feng, the soldier, meditating upon what he had seen and heard and saying to himself, "There is a woman who is a real Christian. She practices every word she says. I never dreamed there could be a person so full of love for others. She was ready to give her life for their sakes. She is like the Christ of the Christians, who, they say, suffered death on the cross to save the world from sin. The time is coming when I shall have to be a Christian. I cannot resist a religion like this."

Awed by what he had seen, the boy went away to obey a new order from the magistrate which led him through the city to the Presbyterian Mission outside the north gate. There he saw the mob surround the house where missionaries and children had taken refuge, threatening, bombarding, using every means to force the captives out that they might rob and maltreat them, and at last, setting fire to the building,

dooming the helpless folk to death. Five American men and women and three small children perished in the flames that day. In Feng's mind the wonder grew and stirred, that a religion could enable its followers to face persecution and death without a murmur of reproach.

The next few days brought a reign of terror to Paotingfu. The spell of Mary Morrill's appearance at the mission gate to plead for the lives of her companions had lost its power over the crazed minds of the Boxers and they returned in fiercer mood than before to finish their deadly work. It was Sunday morning when they came, pounding, shrieking, slashing at the gate, which no American girl opened to plead for mercy. Instead, Mary Morrill and Annie Gould, her companion, had gone to their rooms to read their Bible and pray and to array themselves in white in preparation for the solemn hour of death. Beyond the wall Boxers yelled and fought, and, failing to break through the solid wood of the gate, built a fire which soon consumed the last barrier and admitted the raving mob. There, near the entrance, stood Horace Tracy Pitkin, that splendid young American, whose life and early death have inspired thousands at home and abroad. Had he chosen, he might have saved his life by flight on horseback in the night, but he had refused to leave the women of the mission unprotected. With his revolver he held the mob for a time at bay, but was soon overpowered and slashed to death with knives and swords. Rushing on to the room where the two women were hiding, the Boxers seized and dragged them out, pulling Miss Morrill along for some distance by her

hair. Releasing this brutal grasp, they permitted her to walk to her death between two rough escorts, which she did with calm and unfaltering gait. Along the way were crowds of onlookers, some of whom clutched the garments of the two women and tore them in tatters. Whenever she could, Mary Morrill spoke words of help to the people and once she gave a piece of silver to a person in need. This woman who walked composedly to a sure death was the girl, who, in her New England home and in China, had acknowledged herself lacking in natural courage. She was often sprightly and humorous in talk, but at the heart of her was a shrinking fear. Only a year before the Boxer outbreak she had confessed to a friend, "I am so timid. I have so little physical courage that, if the supreme test came here in China and my life were threatened, I'm afraid I should turn and run." And here she was, "From weakness made strong," transformed by the Power within her. Again the soldier Feng would have said, had he known, "What a religion is this!"

Into a Buddhist temple in the southeast corner of the city Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were thrust, while their captors went away to secure orders. Upon the sacred hours of that Sabbath forenoon we may not intrude, but we may surmise what took place in the gloomy Buddhist temple and we may know for certain what Power held them quiet through the terrifying ordeal. In the afternoon they with three other missionaries were fastened together with ropes and led in single file, like galley slaves or convicts in chains, to the place of execution outside the city gate. On this pitiful march people moaned as Miss

Morrill passed, saying, "She was a good woman. What a pity she has to die!" At the southeast corner of the city wall, between the wall and the moat, she and her companions were beheaded, according to the usual mode of execution in China.

With the death of Mary Morrill the life story of General Feng begins. Ordered north to the vicinity of Peking he had another encounter with foreign Christians. Afflicted with a distressing ulcer he consulted two Chinese doctors each of whom pronounced his case serious and demanded sixty dollars for his cure. Their greed disgusted him and he resorted to a missionary hospital for treatment. Upon recovering his health he inquired the charge for his care, whereupon the doctor replied, "Nothing; only I want you to remember that God in Heaven loves you and sent me to heal you." The soldier left the hospital impressed anew by the eccentric generosity of the Christians. Another time in Manchuria he was inoculated against the plague by a missionary doctor who refused payment in somewhat the same language.

By 1912 Feng had passed the rank of lieutenant and reached that of major, being stationed with his men in the city of Peking. In that year Dr. John R. Mott, a commanding Christian leader who belongs as much to the whole wide world as to his own United States, was holding great mass meetings in China to lead men unto the world Saviour, Jesus Christ. Impelled by some force within him, Major Feng was drawn into these meetings, there to make the great decision—the greatest decision possible in human life—to live for God instead of self. The impulse

was first born within him that July day in 1900 when he stood at the mission gate at Paotingfu and watched Mary Morrill as she faced the Boxer mob and offered her life in sacrifice for others. That memory, blending with the ringing appeal of Dr. Mott, led him to take his stand as soldier in the ranks of a new Commander, the Lord Jesus Christ. If ever there was an effective soldier in the Christian army of the world, that soldier is General Feng of China.

In the year 1912 the old empire of China became a republic, a radical change which has not yet produced a united nation, for North and South are still in hostile camps. Advanced to the rank of brigadier-general of the Northern or Federal army—the rank he now holds—General Feng was sent to capture a strategic position in Szechwan province. By skilful tactics his artillery demolished the only bridge across the river and cut the Southern army off from relief or retreat. Recognizing their plight, the Southern commander surrendered and his troops were lined up as captives before the victorious general of the Northern army. What did he proceed to do with his prisoners of war? Send them into a prison camp, or keep them to do menial work for his army? Neither. He talked to the downcast soldiers like an older brother, explaining the political situation and the urgent need for all Chinese to stand together in the national crisis instead of wasting their strength fighting one another. "I'm going to let you keep your weapons," said he, "and I'll give each man among you enough money to get home if you all agree to quit fighting and go away." To each officer he gave ten dollars, to each private, five. So

overcome were the Southern soldiers by the handsome treatment of the enemy general that they actually fell on the ground, weeping. By this deed of General Feng not only the rebellious city, but the entire province lost its fighting temper. It is easy to see how the new religion had influenced the military tactics of the Chinese general.

Sometime later his brigade was stationed in Anhwei province when a division of the Northern army met defeat at Changte, Hunan. General Feng received orders to relieve the distressed army and take the city. As he approached the scene of battle he sent two missionaries under a flag of truce with this message to the Southern commander, "I have orders to take the city and shall take it. You just leave and go south to avoid loss of life." Knowing with whom he was dealing the Southern commander lost no time in moving his army to a point fifty miles distant. Since that day General Feng has been in command in Changte, his troops stationed there and at Tao Yuan, and he himself the military governor of the whole province of Hunan, with a population of seven or eight millions, as many as the whole nation of Belgium.

Under General Feng's rule in Hunan the most sweeping reforms ever known in China and, for that matter, in America, have not only been proposed, but vigorously carried out. In the two cities where the army is encamped, all theatres, gambling dens, morphine and opium resorts have been closed and kept closed. Theatres have been turned into schools, workshops, and halls for religious meetings. For victims of the opium and morphine habit the general

has opened sanitariums to which they are committed by law. What would happen, do you think, if a man like General Feng should become governor of a state or mayor of a city in the United States, a man who literally fears no one, and who does what he believes to be right regardless of opposition or consequences? When his army first came to Hunan the inhabitants were disturbed lest the Northern soldiers work mischief among them. But the fact was, that so many of the nine thousand men had become Christians under the influence of their general that everybody in the vicinity was entirely safe.

In the military camps at Changte and Tao Yuan the most remarkable discipline prevails. Smoking, drinking, gambling, profanity are forbidden and are said not to exist in camp. English visitors declare that they have never seen smoking or drinking nor heard a bad word spoken in General Feng's camps. They exclaim in amazement over the cleanliness of the barracks, each bed protected with a mosquito net and scrupulously neat; each gun, bayonet, buckle, and strap polished until it shines. Such a clean and shiny spot in China is a striking contrast to the usual condition of dirt and disorder.

Athletics are a popular feature of camp life, the officers setting an example with their feats on horizontal bars and in obstacle races. General Feng himself is a man of fine athletic build, a soldier in stature as well as brain. Many of his officers wear prizes won in route marches, one man having led his company with all their kit on a march of forty miles in seven hours! With all the discipline and efficiency of the brigade, there is a sense of enthusiasm

and freedom. The soldiers adore their general and, although still young, he is like a father to his men, calling them his "boys" and planning not only for their immediate welfare, but for their future when they reach the age of retirement from army life. He does not want his men to turn bandits, and so he has established factories where they may learn to make socks, towels, and clothing, bind books and weave rattan chairs. It would be hard to find another army camp in the world with the *morale* and efficiency of this camp in Hunan, China.

The explanation of its high standing goes straight back to the character of the man in command. That man makes it his aim to lead every officer and soldier of his brigade into the friendship of his Master, Jesus Christ. His measure of success is tremendous, for it has been stated that nine out of ten in his camp are Christian men. The secret of this vast awakening is the touch laid upon the men by the general's own life, for he himself is the most genuine and thorough convert to the religion he commends to others. One night a missionary by the name of Goforth—and what name could be better for a minister of the Gospel?—was conducting a service which had deeply stirred his hearers with a sense of their sin. At the conclusion of his address General Feng began to pray, but broke down in confessing his own and his country's sins. Officers and men were bowed with weeping during that service of prayer, at the close of which their general pled with them to consecrate their lives to the service of the Lord Christ. It is General Feng's custom to begin with prayer all conferences with staff officers, calling upon Colonel Lu,

or Colonel Chang or Major Wen to pray. In the general's private room is a corner curtained off, where he meets with officers and privates for prayer.

The English missionary, Mr. Goforth, declares that he never spoke to such eager and attentive listeners as these soldiers in Hunan. And never did he find men so enthusiastic over Bible study. During his stay at camp he was handed a list of those who were ready to join a Bible class and eighty-six names were enrolled. The hour for meeting was six o'clock in the morning and at that hour there assembled in the theatre not only eighty-six, but hundreds. Christian hymns are the popular army songs in the Hunan camps, and Bibles and hymn books are found in nearly every soldier's outfit.

In a recent year Mr. Goforth baptized two hundred and seventy-five soldiers at one time, the service lasting two and a half hours. The next day at the other camp he baptized two hundred and thirty-two, all of them commissioned or non-commissioned officers. At the close of the baptismal service he spoke to the men after this manner, "You have now confessed the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism. Suppose persecution again broke out as in 1900. I have on my body the marks of Boxer swords, and many of your countrymen died for Jesus that year. If such persecution as that arose, would you slink quietly away and not own your Saviour?"

"Never," cried hundreds of voices in unison. "Never, we will die for Him."

The interrelations of human lives are mysterious and impressive. An American girl in the city of Portland, Maine, becomes interested in the people

of another race through teaching a Bible class for the Chinese of her city. She volunteers for service in their remote country and is assigned for duty to the city of Paotingfu. There she teaches in a boarding school for girls and performs another work even dearer to her heart, visiting the secluded, untaught Chinese women behind the walls of their homes. Stupid and brilliant, unkempt and tidy, she loves them all with a love which comes only from Heaven to bless and inspire human hearts. But her ministry to the women and girls of China was of brief duration, for she had lived but ten years among them when that hurricane of human hatred broke loose, the Boxer rebellion. But "having loved her own, she loved them unto the end" with that "greater love" by which "a man lays down his life for his friends." At the moment when her sacrificial love was revealed, the supreme service of Mary Morrill's life was rendered, for at that moment a new soul was born into the light, and from that birth may come in time the birth of a nation, for the awakening in General Feng's army bids fair to spread through large areas of the country when his soldiers shall scatter to their distant homes.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?"

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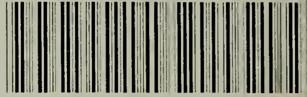
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